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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXIII No. 2124 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC OCTOBER 5 1940

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1. When children beg for something sweet, it's because their active, growing bodies are in need of an extra ration of energy.

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Prices from 2/-, the same as before the war. From all chemists & grocers.

MINISTRY OF FOOD

THE WEEK'S FOOD FACTS No 10

Turn on your wireless at 8.15 every morning to hear useful hints and recipes

HERE is some advice from the Scientific Adviser t the Ministry of Food.

"Today we are all in the front line. Today we hav all got to be fighting fit. Nothing helps more than th right food. The protective foods listed below will main tain our efficiency and keep us mentally alert. If we ea more of these foods our resistance to strain and fatigu will be stronger too."

ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

CHIEF PROTECTIVE FOODS

Milk	Potatoes
Butter or Margarine	Green Vegetables (fresh or canned but not dried)
Cheese	Salads
Eggs	Fruit (fresh or canned but not dried)
Herrings (fresh, canned or salt)	Carrots
Salmon (fresh or canned)	Tomatoes
Liver	Wholemeal Bread

SOUP FOR AIR-RAIDS

Try to make soup every day so that you always have some ready to heat up. A hot drink works wonders at a time of shock or strain. Nothing could be better than hot vegetable soup as this is nourishing as well as soothing. Prepare and cut up 2 or 3 carrots, 2 onions, ½ small swede and if possible 2 or 3 sticks of celery. Make 1 oz. dripping very hot in your saucepan. Put in the vegetables and cook for a few minutes. Season with salt and pepper. Add 2 pints hot water and bring to the boil. Put in 2 ozs. rice or pearl barley, cover, and simmer for 2 hours. More water may be added necessary. A little chopped parsley ju before serving is a pleasant additio

SCALLOPED POTATOES

Potatoes are very warming and i vigorating. Serve them often, an for a change try using them this wa Scrub 2 lbs. potatoes and cut them in thick slices. Peel and slice ½ lb. onion Mix together 1 heaped tablespoonf flour, 1 teaspoonful salt and pepp to taste. Grease a pie-dish. Put alternate layers of potatoes and onion sprinkling each layer with the seasone flour. The top layer should be potatoes. Pour in 3 teacupfuls h milk and bake for about 1 hour in moderate oven. This makes enou for 4 or 5 people.

NATIONAL MILK SCHEM

Apply now to the Milk Officer at yo local Food Office if you wish to ta advantage over the next three mont of the Government Cheap M Scheme for expectant and nursi mothers, and children under five.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, October 5, 1940

The FERRY PILOTS of the Air Transport Auxiliary

The Men Who Keep the R.A.F. Squadrons Supplied with all Types of Aircraft

The work of the pilots of the Air Transport Auxiliary is an important one: all are highly skilled, and trained to ferry all types of aircraft from factory to squadron. One must, indeed, be a really good pilot to be able to fly a Whitley heavy bomber in the morning, a skittish Spitfire in the afternoon, and a Blenheim in the evening. Yet that is an everyday experience with the pilots of the Air Transport Auxiliary. These men average more flying time in going about their daily work than probably any other pilots in the world, and they number among them some of the toughest pilots in Britain. In the above group, Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg, one of the members of this unique organisation, is seen about to convey a load of pilots to a factory where they will pick up planes for subsequent delivery to the R.A.F.

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A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. 57

32–34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4

DEFYING HITLER'S BOMBERS: Covent Garden, London's great distributing centre for fruit, flowers, and vegetables, presents a scene of peace and plenty at all times. This picture was taken during an actual raid warning and the porters, drivers, and officials are seen at work as usual in the open. The big firms, however, have adopted a system of alarm bells to warn their employees of imminent danger

A SENSE OF PROPORTION. — The dismal Jimmies, Jonahs, and defeatists have been steadily shaken down, like rotten plums, from the British tree since 1938 when someone (was it Sir Samuel Hoare?) coined the word "jitterbug." A remnant remained, and remains; and a proportion of sounder, robuster men still cock half-an-ear to their utterances of woe and doom. Until recently, these Jonahs had little ground for crying havoc over the material resources of the Empire. We started the war heavily taxed, we lost a deal of shipping, we had begun to pour out money like water. But intensified effort and intensified warfare had not begun when the race of Jonahs was numerically strongest. To-day the remnant has at least something to brandish. We are spending more than £10,000,000 a day, a great amount of damage has been done to industrial and residential property in our cities, we are only on the threshold of the house-of-correction which is taxation; we have parted with many very valuable assets. So the remnant wails that we are heading straight for financial collapse, nothing can stop inflation and the ruin of our national credit and standards of living. Whatever come of the war the fabric of our house is shattered. To these voices Mr. Maynard Keynes of late opposed the cool, clear voice of reason and proportion. Mr. Keynes is not everybody's meat. He is indigestible fare to weak stomachs or brains. I confess I don't know how he does it, but his statistics and arguments, taken with a gulp and the eyes shut, are very stimulating to the system.

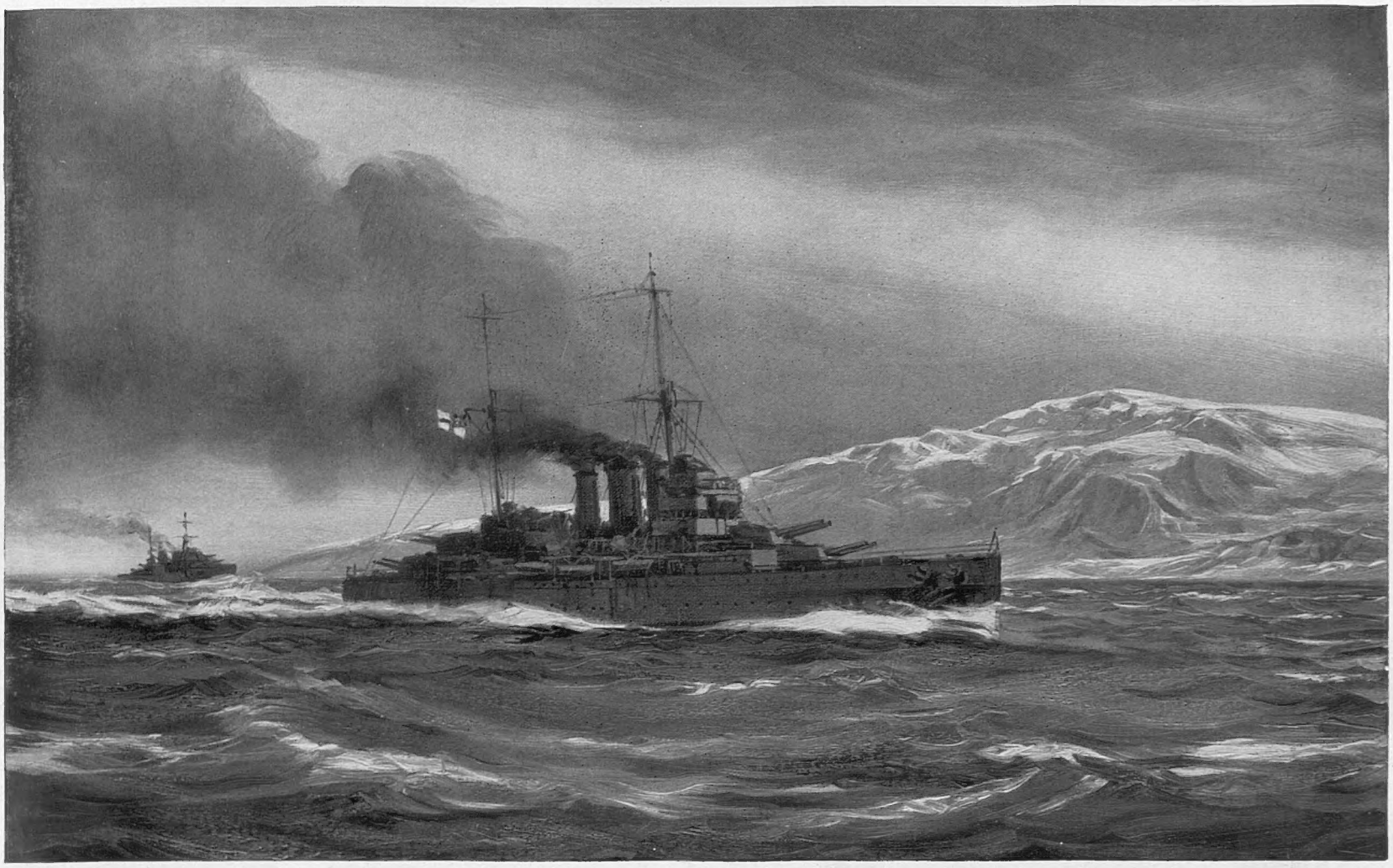
MR. KEYNES AS CORRECTIVE.—Some of his arguments we can understand. The press gives you a close-up of the irreparable damage done to the west side of Privilege Gardens. But it does not show the 99 per cent. of great houses unscarred in that little sector of London. Acres of small houses in mean streets have been destroyed, but they ought to have been destroyed thirty years ago as plague-spots, and we could build them better without reinforcing our existing house-building machinery in a period of months with material ready to hand. If the Nazis (he tells us) design to destroy London's building properties, they must hammer down a thousand houses a day for a matter of months or years, and *then* they will not have broken the back of the job. We are richer than we were three years ago, Mr. Keynes finds; our resources are so great that we can cheerfully face and survive a vastly increased burden of taxation. We haven't begun to unpack our hoarded parcels of reserves in treasure and material—and credit. These points, made by a speaker with a quiet voice and with the name of a shrewd economist, cannot fail to comfort us or those of us whose homes have not yet been destroyed and who are not yet convinced that they are, indeed, as individuals poorer than in 1937. Believe him or no, his discourse affords a comforting lesson which we should learn and practise. It is this: to see the war and the present and the future from a distance and not close up. To contemplate damage and loss, not as individuals but as citizens of a vast empire. Not to take—as the archæological anatomists do—a single bone from which to reconstruct a prehistoric mammal, but to see war life and facts broadly and see them whole. Mr. Keynes may well be as far out of the truth with his statistics as are the Jonahs with their wails (no pun intended), but between these two extremes there is a vast margin of reserves and comforts, among which we must restore our sense of proportion and clear our minds of cant and humbug and individualism.

THREE PARTS OF BRITAIN.—Britain, like ancient Gaul, is divided into three parts in respect of war pressure. There are the great cities, ports, seaside towns, aerodrome and troop areas, and war industry centres hitherto most sought after by the enemy, among which London recently has taken the lion's share. Next, there are the country districts, flown and fought over and lying near the coast on the east and south. And finally there is a large area containing many big cities, towns and important villages which remains comparatively free, night and day, from warnings, war alarms and the buzzing of bombers and the crash of bombs and shells. To one who lives in the second category or division of Britain, it naturally gives rise to a certain feeling of envy to read, in letters from friends in the third or peaceful division, of undisturbed nights and days. One feels a sense of misfortune that one's home and all one has are established in an area, once called "safe," in which every night between 9 p.m. and 3 a.m., the sky above is a lane for bombers and a fighting ground for rival airmen, where the buzz of Nazi plane never dies down for more than ten minutes and the noise of gun-fire and bombs, though usually distant, is loud enough to shake the house and rattle all windows; an area, the history of whose days and nights is documented by craters in every other field made by bombs jettisoned from chased aircraft, or deliberately put down from a sense of fun. True, not one in fifty so broadcast does any harm, but the very frequency of the occurrence keeps people in such areas on the *qui vive* night and day and the strain of war is not relieved for more than four hours in the twenty-four. Now, men and women and children can, I think, get used to almost anything. The chance of sudden death is not considered in peace-time, though it exists and is perhaps not markedly more remote than under war conditions as described in our second division. But war is not peace, the noises are peculiar to war and they have their effect in keeping consciousness of risk alive. The point I would make is not in the nature of a grouse against fate. Rather it is a psychological inquiry. Under which of these three types of conditions would you choose to live (all things considered) in this war at this time? I am not quite convinced one would plump for No. 3. I do not think many would choose No. 1. But before preferring No. 3 to No. 2, the inquiring mind must take account of more than superficial considerations. The No. 2 area folk at least have done with the worry of anticipation; they have got into the technique; their nerves have tautened to the strain; their minds have reached that discipline which drill and practice bring. They are "passed off the square." It is less wearing to be in a "cushy" part of the line than in reserve.

HATE, CANT, AND ALL THAT.—That man who under modern war conditions can keep his sense of proportion, his ration of clear thinking and can preserve his mind clear of cant, is, believe me, a very rare and remarkable man. Propaganda has reached an intensity which proves how strong a weapon the leaders of contending nations regard hatred of the enemy. Every bulletin of damage inflicted by air raids is designed first and last to foster and increase that hate. The clear-thinking man sadly realises that those who live in Berlin are as firmly convinced that British airmen go over to murder women and children, as are Londoners that Nazi airmen do the same office over London. The Nazi bulletins are "lying propaganda"; the British are "the fruit of restrained and accurate investigation"! But the result is the same. The Berliners, shivering in their shelters, are convinced that British airmen are mere murderers, precisely as Londoners so regard the Nazi airmen. No amount of argument or wishful thinking can alter that view. It puts out of court, in this paroxysm of the vendetta, the slightest chance of any neutral power seeking at this stage to bring about a convention for reducing the inhumanity of the months of war ahead. We believe that our policy of the battering match is shortening the tragedy and striking at the root and fountain of German air-power. But clear-sighted men cannot possibly suppose that the Nazi chiefs do not believe that *their* policy is doing the same thing against Britain. The Nazis send over England scores of half-trained boys, some of them are cool and brave, many are terrified and blind with nervousness. Their U-boat commanders also are made up of cool and brave, blind and terrified, sailors. They have their orders to obey. The weaker characters commit the grosser crimes, but the boldest and coolest on either side commit inevitably what the world has always called murder. There are always women and children and innocent civilians living within a mile of a military objective and it is foolish to claim that no civilians or women or children have suffered death in Berlin from air bombardment.

TORPEDOED CHILDREN.—God knows how to choose words to refer to the torpedoing of the ship carrying to Canada children from the danger areas. The bereaved parents themselves would least of all wish that their agonies should be of use in the bitter propaganda vendetta which is a powerful factor of modern warfare. The tragedy goes deeper. The madness and bestiality of war are beyond control. You cannot trace the guilt to one submarine commander, or to his naval chief. You cannot lay it directly even to the door of Hitler. He opened the lid of hell and he has no more power than any other living man to shut it down again. This particular slaughter, the daily mass murder of innocent civilians in scores and hundreds, is done and will continue to be done in the name of national survival. There never were and never will be rules and a science of war-to-the-death. It is fought by amateurs of a dreadful game, it is lost by mistakes and never won by clear-headedness or organisation. Blind men, frightened men, stumble and stab in the dark; and many an heroic deed is sheer murder to some mind. Yet the easy phrase "let us clear our minds of cant" withers on one's lips in face of such tragedy. As useless to say it, as to incite to more bitter hatred:—"Think that thy babes were fairer than they were, And he Who slew them fouler than he is." There is no armour against the fate that is ours to-day. There are no rules, no exceptions, no reserves, no safe harbours, for old or young. Land and sea and air alike spit death and no living man can stem the juggernaut advance nor guide it into restricted channels. Hitler and the youngest and latest baby, sacrificed to his vanities and lust, are equally powerless to thrust back the lid on the hell let loose, or to drag back to a measure of restraint the sickening brutalities of each day. The juggernaut has taken charge and its momentum has not yet reached its zenith.

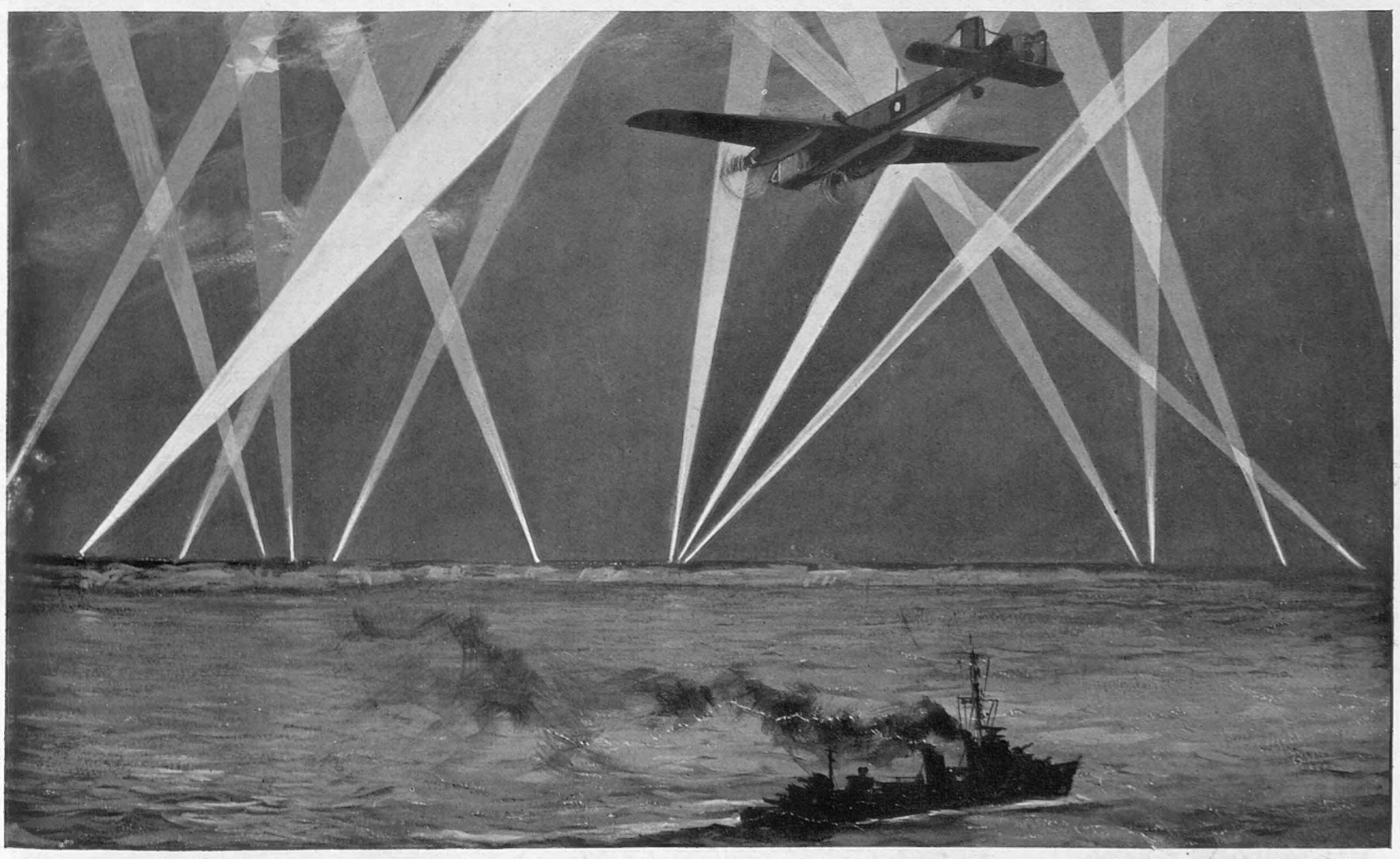
FIFTH COLUMN. — John Langdon-Davies has specialised in many of the arts and devices of modern war, from barricade fighting, air-raid precautions, and parashooting down to fifth column activities. His yellow pamphlet, published by Murray, on the last-named subject is clearly and convincingly written and must interest anyone who has stomach and inclination and time still to increase his knowledge of Nazi methods. The shadowy but "fighting fifth" talks every language and acts as requisite according to the nature of the country "to which he is accredited" by the Nazis. Mr. Langdon-Davies traces how the Nazis began this war with their fifth-column troops in 1933 and shows how (unknown to us) it was raging in Britain six years before other troops took the field. He makes the point very clearly that we become most vulnerable to the fifth column onslaughts when we really begin to suffer. Now, in short, is the time when the Nazi agents are seeking to intensify our political minority grievances, to stimulate our defeatists, to revive our peace-party cries and to magnify rumours to the substance of disastrous facts. This shadowy fifth is far more dangerous than his armed companions. He has already gained a foothold in Britain. Nos. 1 to 4, be they parachutists or tank men or infantry, have still to land (at the moment of writing), but No. 5 is experienced and salted as a warrior. He has been campaigning in Britain for seven years. In the circumstances, this well-written pamphlet comes out aptly and not too soon. THE OLD STAGER



THE GOVERNMENT'S DETERMINATION TO HOLD ICELAND AND GUARD HER FROM ANY SUDDEN DASH BY THE ENEMY

—Drawing by Montague Dawson

Ever since the occupation of Iceland by the British Forces, the defences of the Island have been gradually strengthened; a few days ago the Government's determination to hold Iceland against any enemy raid attack was re-affirmed. The defences on land are such that any enemy force would meet with a very hot reception—the armament against naval and air attack has already been illustrated in these pages. Over and against those defences there are two other factors, the turbulent ocean and the Navy. Here Mr. Dawson shows a light County-class cruiser patrolling the dark waters off the snow-capped hills. When in port, the cheery islanders give both Navy and Army as good a time as possible



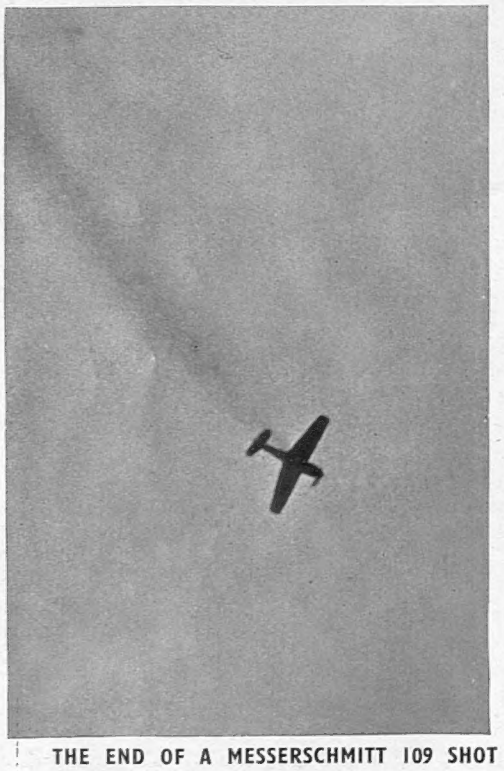
THE BEST MOMENT OF ALL FOR THE RETURNING BOMBER PILOT—BRITAIN'S COAST LIT UP WITH SEARCHLIGHTS

—Drawing by Montague Dawson

The Captain of a Whitley bomber a few days ago recounted his experiences during and returning from a raid on Berlin objectives. After the targets have been successfully attacked, there comes the moment to turn for home. Dodging enemy "sausage machines," the plane eventually crosses the North Sea and the best moment, the air crews say, is when the magnificent display of searchlights from our own coasts come into view, weaving their barricade across the sky—a welcome sight to the returning bombers, home after their 1,200-mile trip across hostile territory in the dark

A GERMAN DORNIER 17 SHOT DOWN BY SPITFIRES IN KE

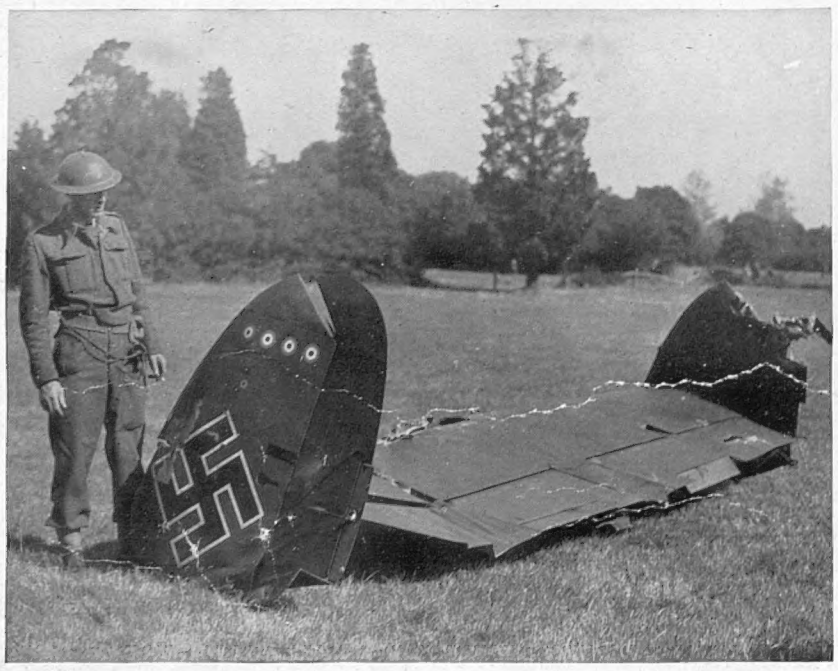
The past week has been one of triumph for the R.A.F. Wherever the Germans have attempted to break through the British defence they were repelled with heavy losses; the enemy's bombers, especially, were destroyed in great numbers—over Kent, over the Dorset coast, and one very heavy attack on Bristol. It is no exaggeration to say that the countryside of Britain is strewn with the wreckage of the *Luftwaffe*. Even the night attacks on London have lessened in intensity: Londoners are looking forward hopefully to the new plans, now being worked out, for the defence of the capital



THE END OF A MESSERSCHMITT 109 SHOT DOWN OVER THE HOPFIELDS NEAR MAIDSTONE

Escorting German bombers over Kent, this Messerschmitt 109 was shot down by British fighters over Maidstone during one of the many battles in this area a few days ago. The pilot baled out, although wounded, and landed amidst the Kent hopfields. His plane was severely damaged and was ultimately carted away by lorry to one of the R.A.F. salvage depots. Many of the hop-pickers who saw the pilot's descent by parachute came from the East End of London where their homes had been bombed and destroyed by others of his kind. Their feelings can well be imagined as they saw the retribution meted out by the R.A.F.

THE WRECKED AEROPLANE BEING CARTED AWAY AFTER T FIGHT OVER THE HOPFIELDS



THE TAIL OF A DORNIER CUT CLEAN OFF AND 200 YARDS FROM THE MAIN WRECKAGE:

This enemy machine was shot down by a Spitfire in a dog-fight over the South-East coast. On the tail can be seen four discs, which signify that the Dornier pilot claimed to have shot down four British planes. It is difficult to believe, however, that a *bombing* plane could have been so destructive of *fighters!*

ANOTHER WRECKED TAIL, FROM A BOMBER SHOT DOWN BY FIGHTERS OVER KE

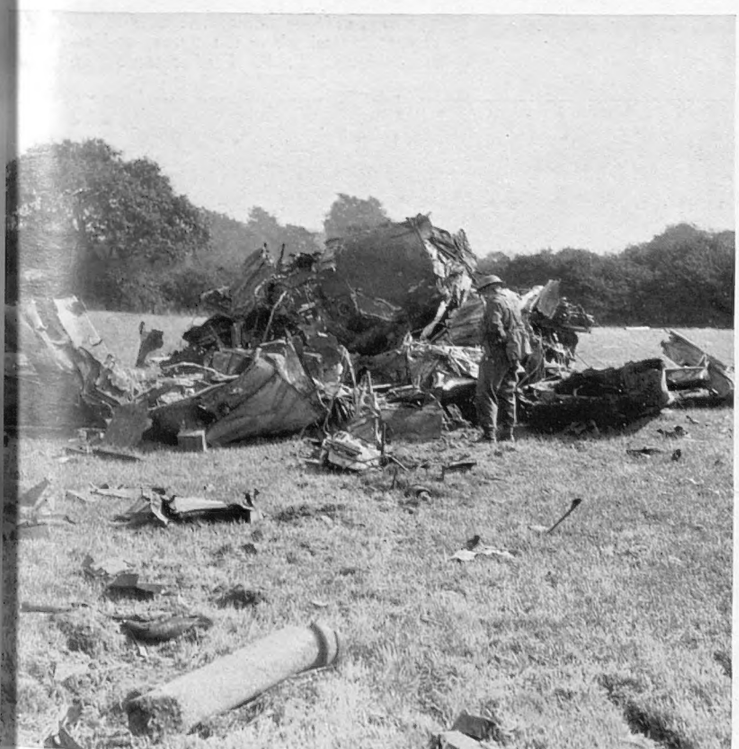
Neatly sawn in half, this enemy plane was brought down during last week's fig when one of many mass raids on London was frustrated with heavy loss to Germans. The tail portion of the plane landed in this field; the rest of the mac landed in a garden some distance away. The pilot was found dead in the wrec

ENGLAND STREWN with the WRECKAGE of GERMAN PLANES

The R.A.F. Triumphs over the "Luftwaffe" in Aerial Combat over the Green Fields of the English Countryside

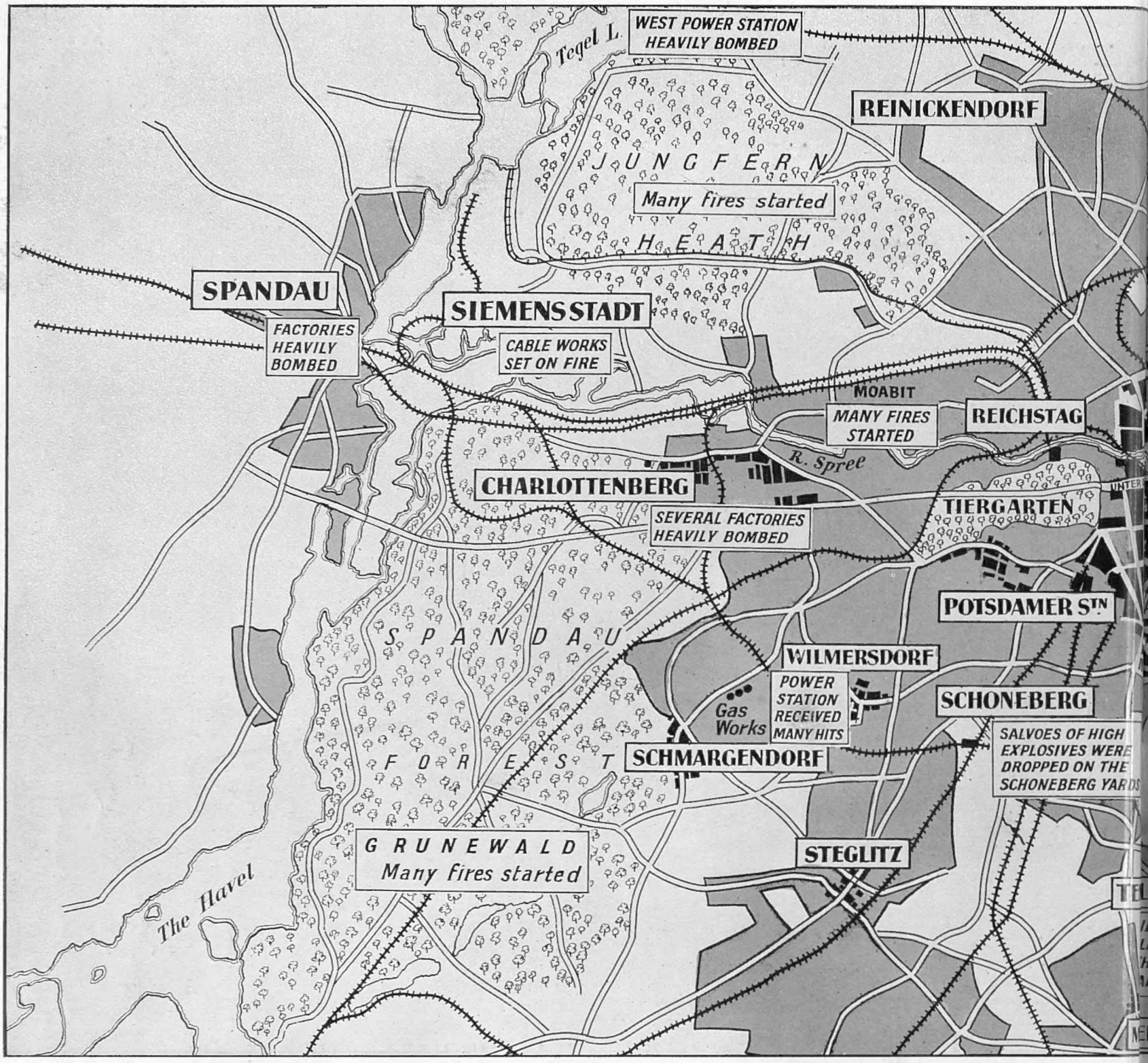
SULT OF THE ATTEMPTED ATTACK ON BRISTOL: THE SMOULDERING WRECKAGE OF A HEINKEL BOMBER WHICH WAS BLOWN TO PIECES IN MID-AIR

armined to demonstrate to their people that they can attack British towns, mans launched many attacks last week. But the Germans are not told the truth ning the results of these attacks. This bomber, for instance, was one of forty t which attacked Bristol; the enemy formation was engaged by Hurricanes, with rous results to the invaders. The R.A.F. played a game of shuttlecock with them —as they were driven back to the South-West coast, other British fighters were in waiting for them, and they were swept back and forth between Bristol and the Dorset coast. Thirteen out of the forty were destroyed, or one-third of the total force! This Heinkel was shot to pieces in the air, its two occupants being killed; the wreckage was scattered in very small pieces over four fields



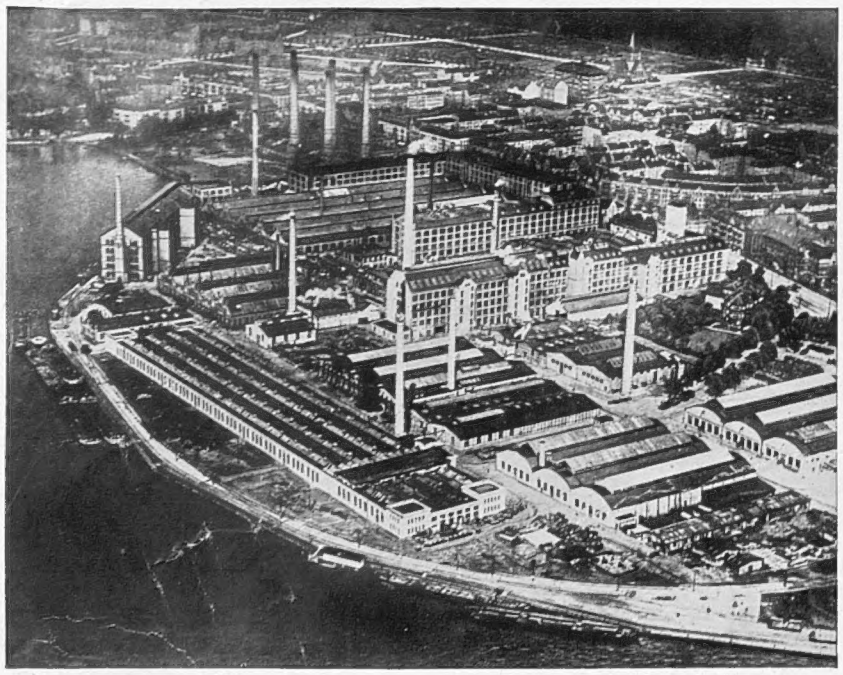
THE REMAINS OF A GERMAN DORNIER BROUGHT DOWN BY A BRITISH SPITFIRE—JUST A TELESCOPED PILE OF BURNT-OUT METAL

A JUNKERS 88, ONE OF THE GERMAN CRACK BOMBERS, SHOT DOWN OVER KENT DURING ONE OF THE MANY ATTACKS ON THE LONDON AREA



A PLAN OF BERLIN, CAPITAL OF GERMANY, AND VITAL HEART OF THE GERMAN NATION

This city, of four millions, is now to be the ta
city is spaced along the Spree, and also som
scored by the R.A.F. Further attacks on this h



THE COPPER WORKS ON THE RIVER SPREE AT OBER-SCHONEWEIDE: Along the banks of the River Spree, towards the South-Eastern suburbs, is the highly industrialised area depicted above. Here are situated the copper rolling mills of Oberspree, where 40,000 tons of copper are turned out each year—or about one-sixth of the whole peace-time copper consumption of Germany. This tight-packed industrial centre—so essential to the enemy's war-time effort—would well repay a visit by the new bombers which the R.A.F. now possess

BERLIN, ODDLY ENOUGH, HAS A HARBOUR OF GREAT COMMERCIAL IMPORTA
Despite that Berlin is landlocked, it nevertheless has its West-Hafen, or Dockyar
the Berlin-Stettin Ship Canal. Situated to the North-West of the city, near
Moabit quarter, this dock area is vital to Berlin's supply system. The harbour
opened in 1914 and it accommodates quite big vessels of 600 tons: this area i
more vulnerable than London's dockland, and if successfully attacked by the R
it would undoubtedly greatly upset Berlin's internal economy

THE BOMBING OF BERLIN

And Some of the Highly Vulnerable Centres in this Very Vulnerable City which will Soon be the Target for British Bombs

ALREADY BOMBED BY THE R.A.F. — THE POTSDAMER PLATZ: This spot is one of the outlets towards the South-West quarters of Berlin and is of somewhat bottleneck nature. If serious damage were done at this point communications would be very materially interrupted and great dislocation of traffic would ensue

ANOTHER VIEW OF POTSDAMER SQUARE, SHOWING THE CONGESTION OF THE BERLIN TRAMWAY SYSTEM: One of the avowed objects of the German bombing of London is to disorganise communications in the British capital, but the German capital is more susceptible than London in this respect, as it is more tight-packed and apartment dwellings more concentrated than London's sprawling bulk. If the same methods are employed this coming winter by the R.A.F. as have been used by the *Luftwaffe*, bomb for bomb Berlin would suffer far more than London

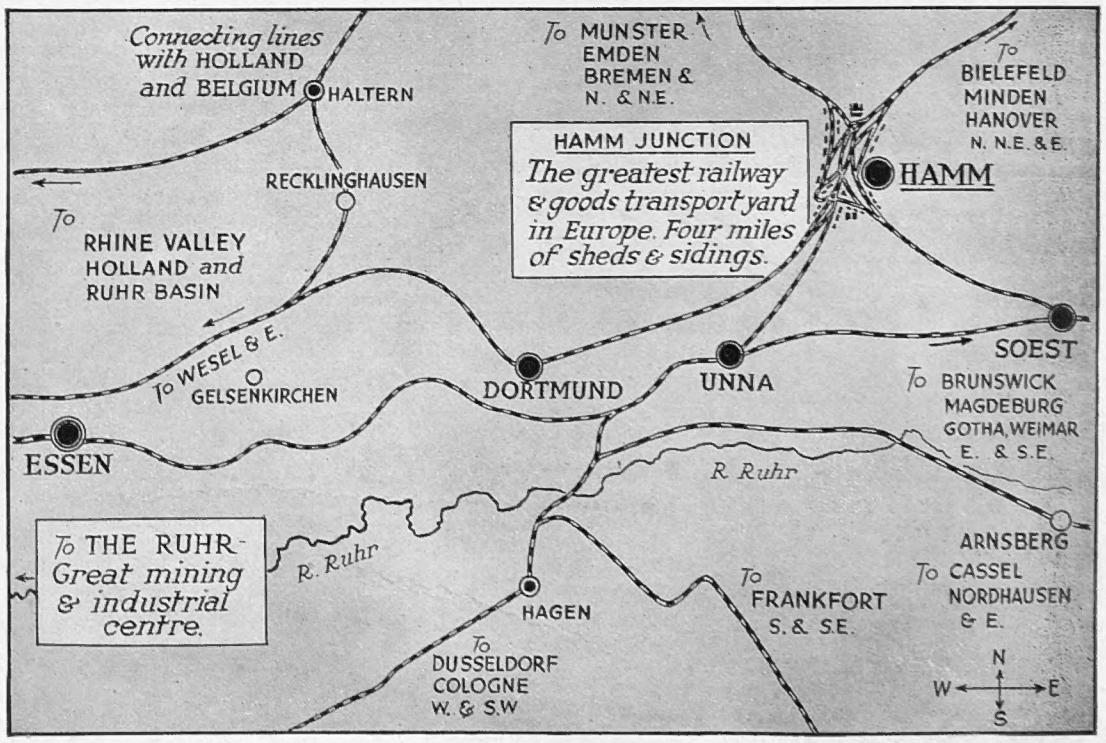
British bombers. The plan above shows how the military targets on which hits have already been ncentrated spot may be expected during the coming months

For weeks past London has been the target for German bombs by night: for weeks Londoners have writhed in nger at the sight of hospitals, churches and dwelling houses wrecked by the indiscriminate attacks. But, Berlin is a far more ulnerable target than London: true, it is some 600 miles way, but now that the long nights are coming it is not nlikely that soon Berliners will have to endure what London as endured—night after night of concentrated attack.

Already, Berlin has had a taste of its own medicine; but with this difference—the R.A.F. have struck only at legitimate nilitary objectives. And in that tight-packed city there are urely enough of these! The plan above indicates some of the argets already attacked: there are many more in the city and ts surroundings, and it is the hope of every Londoner that hese will receive their proper attention at the proper time.

Berlin is the capital of Prussia and, since 1871, of the German empire; it is the seat of the German Reichstag and Prussian Landtag, and the third largest city of Europe. Situated on the Spree, the city is built upon a flat sandy plain, which, though cultivated, is far from being fertile. Its average eight above the level of the Baltic is only 100 ft.; the Spree, here about 200 ft. wide, with a current so sluggish as scarcely o be perceptible, flows from south-east to north-west through he city, dividing it into two nearly equal parts, and communicating with the Oder and the Baltic by canals. The inconvenience f its low-lying situation in the midst of the sandy flats of Brandenburg is more than made up for by the great geographical dvantages of its position in the heart of northern Germany, Berlin being half-way from Hamburg to Breslau, from Stettin o Leipzig, and from Memel to Alsace, as well as equidistant rom the frontiers of Russia and Holland, and from the mountains f Central Germany to the Baltic.

In 1804 the population was 182,157; in 1858 it was 38,961; in 1871 it was 826,341 (including 20,565 soldiers); n 1880, 1,122,330; and in 1885, 1,315,287, the city then neasuring about 6 miles across. The population now is about ,000,000, or with its immediate suburbs, about 4,000,000.



WHY HAMM IS BOMBED NIGHT AFTER NIGHT BY THE R.A.F.: Night after night the R.A.F. concentrate, amongst other places, on the unfortunate marshalling yards at Hamm. Why this is so is made obvious by the above plan. Hamm is the largest and best-equipped yard in the whole of Europe. The yard and its connections cover an area four miles long by about three-quarters-of-a-mile wide. A dozen Clapham Junctions could be lost among its vast network of tracks, sidings, engine houses, and repair sheds, which are capable of dealing with and dispatching over 10,000 wagons every twenty-four hours. Its importance as a target lies not only in its unrivalled working capacity, but also in its geographical position at the eastern entrance to and exit from Germany's greatest industrial and manufacturing centre, the Ruhr. Dislocation at this bottle-neck of transport, which occurs every time British raiders attack, spreads like paralysis throughout the country and beyond

ADRIFT for EIGHT DAYS in the ATLANTIC : The Rescue of the "City of Benares" Boat

Drawing by Montague Dawson

THE SHORT SUNDERLAND FLYING-BOAT DIPS LOW OVER THE "CITY OF BENARES" BOAT TO REASSURE THE SURVIVORS THAT RESCUE IS NEAR AFTER AN EIGHT DAYS ORDEAL

Mr. Dawson has recorded the moment when one of the two Short Sunderland flying-boats which took part in the rescue dipped low over the boat and endeavoured to signal to the occupants, a few of whom were standing up and the rest lying down in the bottom of the boat. The first Sunderland could not stop as she was short of fuel, but she was able to report the position of the boat to a Convoy, and thus set the second Sunderland on the task of rescue

SOME OF THE SIX BOYS WHO WERE RESCUED WHEN THE "CITY OF BENARES" BOAT WAS FOUND FAR OUT IN THE ATLANTIC

When the *City of Benares* was torpedoed on her way to Canada it was announced that eighty-five children had lost their lives. This number can now be reduced by six owing to the dramatic rescue of a boat-load of forty-six survivors, among whom were six of the boys who were in the evacuation party. The first rescue was by a British warship, after the survivors had been adrift in boats for twenty-four hours. The second rescue was also by a British warship, with which the second Sunderland flying-boat got into touch. After having been adrift in the Atlantic for eight days the rescued boys rapidly recovered tone and enjoyed their ride on the backs of sailors from the warship to the waiting train

FIVE OF THE RESCUED BOYS WEARING LIFE-JACKETS ON THEIR WAY BACK TO A BRITISH PORT

The boys had been kept alive during the long exposure in the open boat by the untiring efforts of Miss Mary Cornish, one of the escorts. She had massaged their limbs when they were becoming blue with cold. It was stated that one of the boys signalled the name of the *City of Benares* to the Sunderland flying-boat by Morse code

THE MEN WHO TELL US HOW WE STAND

The Work of the American Newspaper Correspondents who are Covering the "Battlefronts" of Britain

Described by GORDON BECKLES

NEW names are figuring in the breakfast-table reading of Britain. Scarcely a day goes by without one—or all—the national daily newspapers printing a column of news written by William Stoneman, or Raymond Daniell, or H. R. Knickerbocker. These are the men who cable throughout the day and night to America, telling of how the battle is going and how the country is standing up to its ordeal.

Why is so much of their work reprinted when there are plenty of good reporters here? Because it is a human failing to wish to see ourselves as others see us. There is an air of detachment and appraisal in the best work of the American newsmen that helps to round off the daily war picture. Not that they are themselves in a position of detachment. Nearly all have been under close bombardment in London or at the place they christened "Hell Corner"; at least two of them, Guy Murchie of the *Chicago Tribune* and Stanley Johnston, are Dover casualties.

The corps of men who daily feed the complex machine of American news numbers about seventy, although there are over 120 American newsmen of various sorts now working in London: magazine writers, newsreel script writers and various attached specialists. On some days fifty thousand words have been cabled across the Atlantic in the jangling "cable-ese" of journalism, to be deciphered and embroidered to twice that amount on the cable desks in New York and Chicago, and printed for a public to whom Stoneman, Ray Daniell and Knickerbocker are household names.

Those who judge American reporters by Hollywood standards do these men a grave injustice. As a body, they are quiet and modest. The miseries of the world, year in and year out, often have a saddening effect on observers of sensitivity. Take William Stoneman, the chief correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News*, one of the more conservative of America's great dailies. He is a lean, softly-spoken man with sad eyes. His only boast is that he is a reporter, and a Chicago reporter at that. The title "Special Correspondent" seems too high-falutin for him, as it does for most of his colleagues. He came to Europe ten years ago, when Pegler Farson was still serving the *Daily News* in London. For three and a half years he was posted to Moscow. Then came two and a half years in Italy, and he has embraced the Abyssinian war in his assignments.

Now Stoneman sits in an office on the third floor of a building in Parliament Street within 100 yards of the House of Commons. Downstairs is a cable bureau. His day begins early and finishes about two o'clock in the afternoon, for the *Daily News* is an afternoon paper. There is six hours difference between London and Chicago, and his paper's foreign service is recabled to many other journals across the Continent. His principal colleague is Miss Helen Kirkpatrick who has been in London for some time and is the author of a volume with the significant title of *Under the British Umbrella*. Also serving the *News* is the veteran reporter and diplomatic man, Bob Casey, who has a high American reputation. The other woman reporter now in London is Miss Virginia Cowles, a frail and dreamy-eyed blonde who has had hair-raising experiences since the Finnish war, and covers the toughest possible assignments.

William Stoneman comes from the next Michigan village to the one in which Webb Miller was born. Miller died tragically three months ago, known to a wide public as the author of *I Found no Peace*. He was ordered to stay in Paris by the United Press to help "in covering the peace" in 1919. The title of his one volume could be applied to the experiences of a dozen veteran men now assembled from European capitals in London. It was a case of just one dam' thing after another. Gandhi and Indian unrest, Chinese wars and revolutions, Russian upheavals, Fascism and Nazi ferocities, Abyssinia and Spain. Miller had seen them all: Two days before the biggest of all the balloons went up on May 10, Miller was killed in a London suburban railway accident.

He was the head of the great United Press Agency in Europe, besides being its star reporter. The United Press is the most energetic of all the American agencies, and is familiar to English readers through a twin service called British United Press. Berlin news is issued largely through this latter agency nowadays, cabled via New York. There are thirteen men on the United Press staff in London. Not all are writing every day, for there is much desk work in their offices in Bouverie Street. In normal times direct flashes to New York are the common practice, but the censorship now inevitably delays messages.

What is written by United Press men in London is of added importance because of the agency's wide ramifications in South America. Just as Reuters monopolises the East, so does United Press monopolise the supply of news to the Latin countries south of Panama. A story still remembered admirably illustrates the extensive network of a modern agency. It was on an autumn night in 1930. As Sunday morning dawned, the work slackened, for this is the quietest moment of the week; but into the United Press London office came a flash from Buenos Aires reporting that the local radio station (where they had a "contact") had given them the tip that Le Bourget was trying vainly to get in touch with the airship R 101, which had sailed India-wards a few hours before. From this across-the-globe clue the tragedy of Beauvais was first revealed to the world.

Perhaps the strongest London staff is that maintained by the *New York Times*, which has offices near Printing House Square. The name of Ray Daniell is a familiar one to New York each morning, and much that he has "filed" since the war has appeared in London dailies. Bob Post and Harold Callender are both *Times* writers, with Scotty Reston and some half-dozen others on the staff. Daniell himself is what is known as a "hard news" man, schooled as a reporter in New York, which is as hard a school as newspaperdom knows.

The New York Herald Tribune has six on its staff, possibly the best known being Ed Angly, a deceptively sedate man in appearance. Angly represented his paper on the long and wasted vigil at Arras when, after six months of kicking their heels around, all the B.E.F. war correspondents were shipped back again directly the trouble started. Except for the accounts of a lucky few during the first week, the whole Dunkirk exploit went unrecorded by professional recorders. The Americans were quite willing to risk staying and banking on their neutral status.

The Associated Press, just around the corner from the United Press, has a staff of fifteen on its twenty-four-hour service, the *Chicago Tribune* three, the *Christian Science Monitor* six, and other journals with London representation include the *New York Sun*, *Kansas City Star*, the *Baltimore Sun*, *Chicago Times*, *New York Daily News*, and the *Wall Street Journal*. All these have made their bow in English columns during the past exciting months.

The most picturesque London office is possibly that maintained by the Hearst papers. The much-quoted H. R. Knickerbocker is a Hearst man with a vivid style and a dislike of Nazidom. He is a ginger-haired man, with a poker face, pince-nez and a long list of "scoops" of varying degree of merit. The appearance of Knickerbocker (who is unattached to any particular office) is a sure sign that trouble lies ahead. He has been some time now in London waiting for things to go off with a bang; nor has he been disappointed.

Sport has always been a promising nursery for American newspapermen. Westbrook Pegler and Damon Runyon have both been—and still are—sports writers. Another sports writer with a national reputation covering London's battle has been Quentin Reynolds. His articles go weekly to *Collier's Magazine*. Reynolds is a heavyweight in size, and is able to give the authentic touch to bomb stories after twice being in the middle of the Leicester Square explosions. He, although no longer a daily newspaperman, is also an ominous visitor. Munich brought him hurrying across the Atlantic; he arrived in Paris on May 10.

All these men are obliged to maintain close contact with the American department of the Ministry of Information in Bloomsbury. Until recently the public has been made all too aware that the Americans have been complaining bitterly, not only that their work is made more difficult by the Ministry but that they are actually hampered in their unneutral task of furthering the British cause in what they write. Now a new head of the American section has been appointed to represent American needs and demands in official circles. This is Douglas Williams, a brother of the novelist Valentine Williams, who was for long head of the Reuters office in New York and returned there to represent the *Daily Telegraph* five years ago.

And what do all these American observers *really* think of the way things are going? What they write is perfectly genuine. They think that Britain will win. They are all pro-Churchill—all the ones that I happen to know, and all the more vocal ones were bitter critics of the old, slack days. The phrase "a phoney war" was coined in the United States, but it was inspired by the cables sent by the Americans in London who watched Munich come and go, the declaration of war made and yet saw all too much evidence that Britain's full effort was not being made. If more American support comes to us it will be in no small measure due to the rather tired, somewhat homeless-looking men whom one can see sipping high-balls at a certain bar in the Strand.

HOW THE CAMERA REPORTERS GET THEIR PICTURES

These two pictures come from Dover; they show one of the staff photographers of a well-known London agency at work on the Dover cliffs, whence can be had a "grandstand" view of the war along Britain's south-east coast. Mr. H. P. Andrews has a sand-bagged pitch on one of the cliffs from which to operate his long-focus camera in its periscope-like container; but he frequently abandons this "safe" position to take up others on the housetops overlooking the harbour

FLYING FORTRESSES OF THE LATEST TYPE IN CONSTRUCTION AT THE BOEING COMPANY'S HUGE PLANT AT SEATTLE: Note the blisters at each side of the fuselage, for the accommodation of gunners

THE MOST POWERFUL BOMBING AIRCRAFT IN THE WORLD: Monoplanes, known popularly as Flying Fortresses, greatest bombing planes: they weigh 20 tons fully loaded. With their speed and range, nightly flights to Berlin and part of Italy, would present little difficulty. If these to Britain, they could be flown across the Atlantic

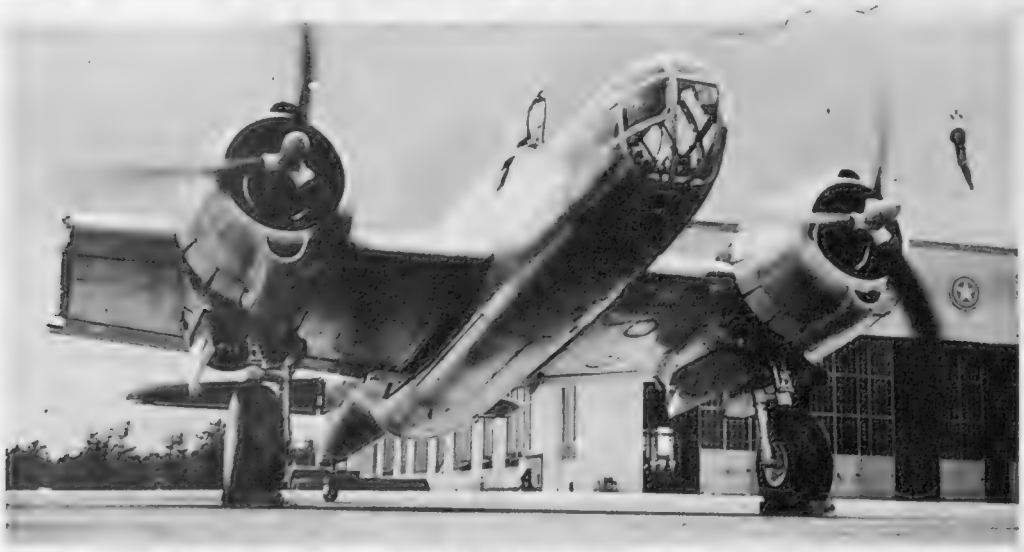
FLYING FORTRESSES

The Huge American Bomber Monoplanes This Country for Long-Distance Bombing Flight

THERE are in the United States at the present moment over fifty Flying Fortresses, the giant American bomber pictured on these pages. A great number of Americans are demanding that some of these should be released for sale to Great Britain and, as a result of the wanton bombing of London on a grand scale and the consequent resentment it has caused throughout the States, it is not unlikely that in the near future some of these will be made available for export.

Some thirty of the type have already been made obsolete by the United States Administration; they would, therefore, be returned to the Boeing factory and the money obtained by their sale could be applied to new models. The Boeing management could thus sell the old models to England—and so add sentiment to good business!

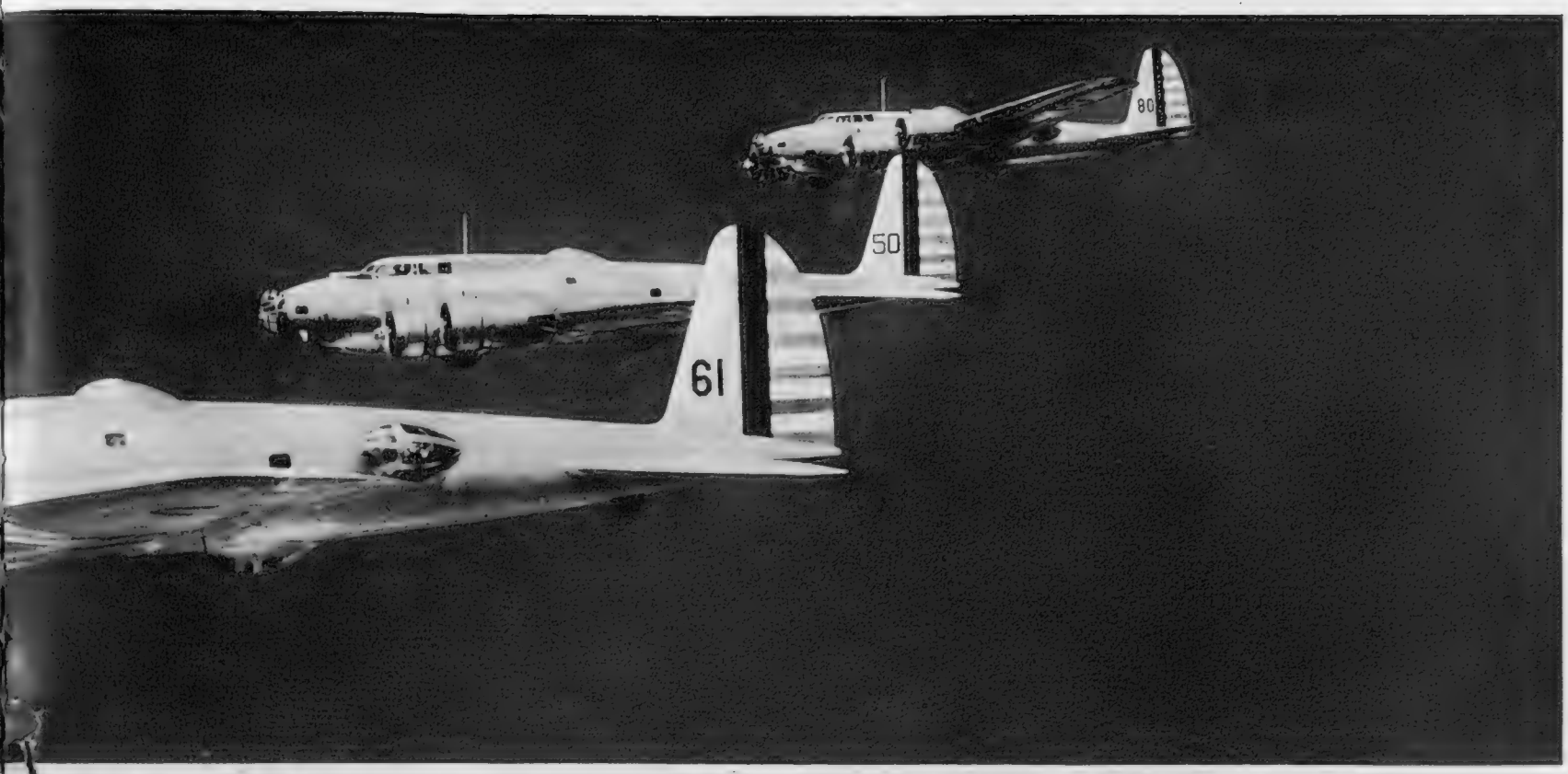
THE WINGS FOR FLYING FORTRESSES ARE ASSEMBLED IN FOUR SECTIONS: There are two separate sections into which the engines are installed; the wing-tips are added later, making the span 105 ft.



THIS IS ANOTHER TYPE OF AMERICAN BOMBER NOW BEING PRODUCED FOR BRITAIN—THE MARTIN 167F

This recently-developed bomber is now in mass-production near Baltimore. It was intended for the French Air Force, but is now being supplied to Britain. Here it is seen undergoing its "run-in," during which the controls are also checked. Since test flying of these machines is no longer necessary, the wings are not attached, so that the bombers can be shipped the quicker. The Martin bomber is being built in one of the largest and most modern aircraft plants in the world—it has over 1,000,000 ft. of floor space, the largest assembly floor in the United States, and an attached airfield of 420 acres. 300 engineers and scientists and 12,000 employees are now engaged in turning out planes at top speed

FOUR-MOTOR U.S. BOMBERS, nearing completion at a California aircraft factory, which have now been released for export. It is reported that they are to be sent to Britain. Their four powerful engines give these aircraft a very large cruising range



Three of the Huge Boeing B17B
These huge aircraft are the world's ... carry a crew of seven or nine. ...yond, and to practically every ...roplanes were released for sale ...nder their own power with ease

...or BRITAIN?

Which May Come to ... Over Germany and Italy

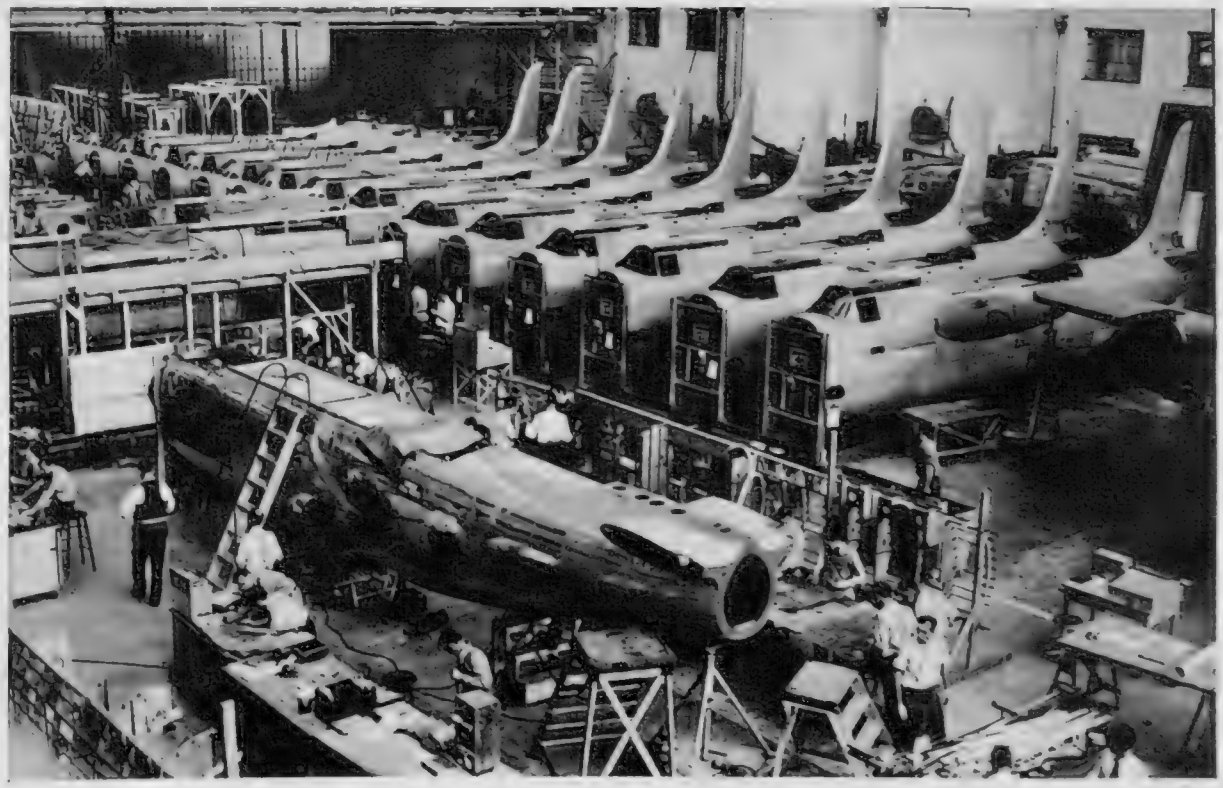
In the technical press, criticism of the Flying Fortresses has been made on the score of vulnerability. These huge aircraft could, nevertheless, be used for night flights to Berlin and beyond, and to Italy, for the purpose of answering the indiscriminate bombing attacks on London. It has been stated by both German and British air experts that the night bomber always has a good chance of getting through: and one advantage of using this type of huge aircraft would be that they could fly at a height of 30,000 ft. with a full load of bombs and thus escape any pursuit planes, unless the pilots of the latter carried a good supply of oxygen. It is known that the prevention of night bombing is a very difficult problem even when carried out from far lower levels than the height at which these giant planes could normally fly.

According to *The Aeroplane*, there are, at present, fifty-nine of these Flying Fortresses in service with the U.S. Army Air Corps; and production is at the rate of one every four days. These aircraft weigh twenty tons fully loaded, and have a defensive armament of five machine-guns, all on hand-operated mountings. There is one in the nose, one on top of the fuselage, one below, and one on each side. The big single fin and rudder prevents the installation of a gun in the tail. Judged by British standards this armament is not formidable: yet it should not prove impossible to strengthen this defensive armament, even to the extent of introducing power-driven turrets and power-operated guns.

With a top speed of 268 m.p.h. these Boeing bombers have a cruising speed of 232 m.p.h., and a range with a useful load of bombs of 2,100 miles. With a smaller load of bombs the range can, of course, be increased. The four 9-cylinder Wright engines, of 1,200 h.p. each, give a ceiling of 30,000 feet, so that these huge aircraft can fly over the weather and cover most of Europe — or that part of it in which we are interested.

Germany is thought to be experimenting with large bombers of this, or very similar, type. The employment of Flying Fortresses might be our counter to these new German aircraft.

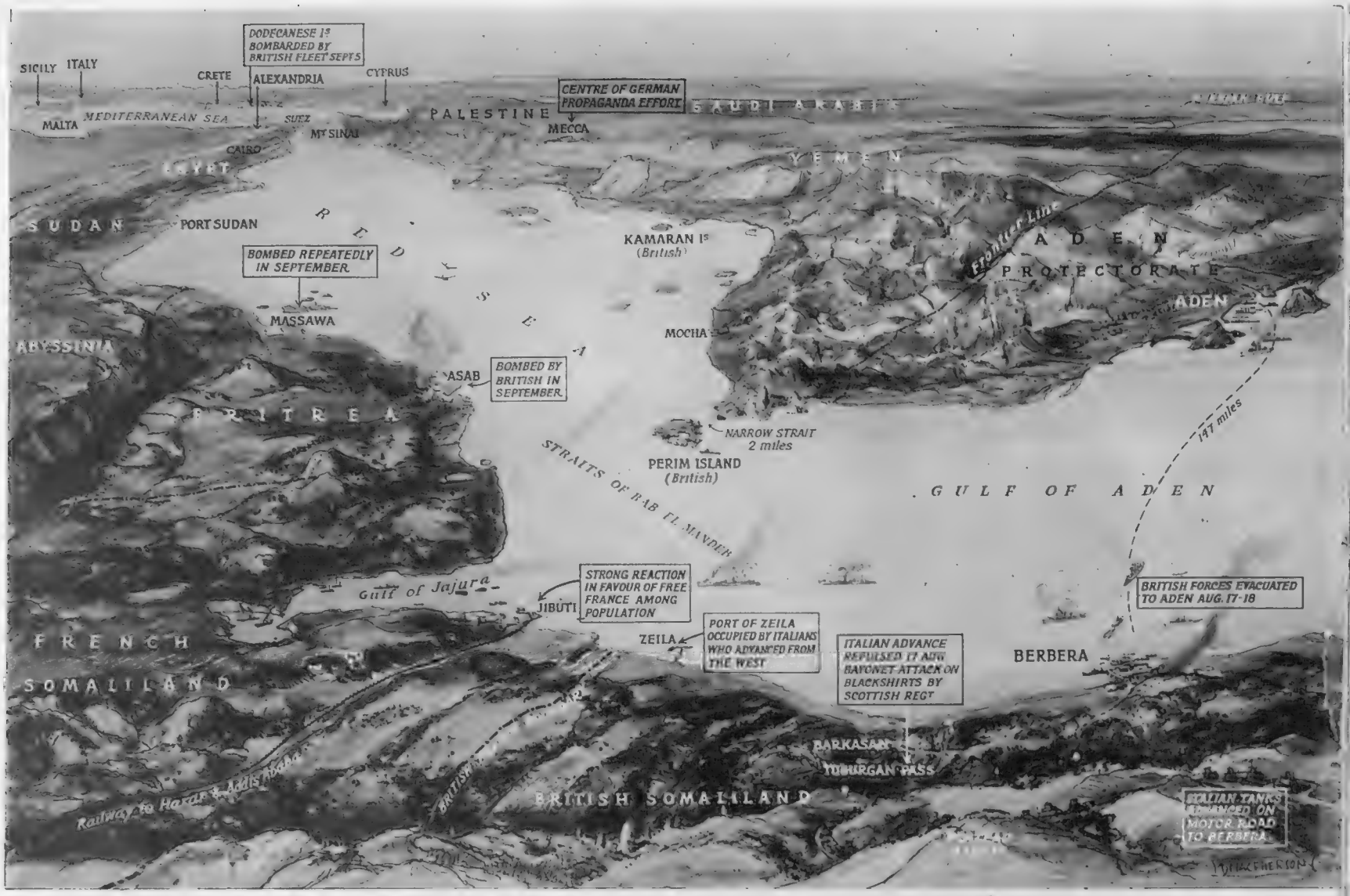
THE HULL, OR FUSELAGE, OF ONE OF THE HUGE BOEING BOMBERS, MADE COMPLETELY OF METAL: In the same vast hall with this aeroplane were seven others, and all were nearly complete when this picture was taken



THE DOUGLAS DB7, TWIN-ENGINED LIGHT BOMBER, IN PRODUCTION IN CALIFORNIA

This type was produced for the French Government: and before the defection of our former Allies more than 100 of these fine aircraft were delivered to them, together with another thirty medium bombers. Many of the Douglas Company's products have now been diverted to this country.

The plant at Santa Monica, in California, has been adapted to produce a continuous line of the DB7 twin-engined light bombers: these are high wing monoplanes of all metal construction and with a tricycle undercarriage. There is accommodation for a crew of three—pilot, bomb-aimer and gunner



HOW PERIM ISLAND GUARDS THE SOUTHERN ENTRANCE TO THE RED SEA: The area bounded by Perim Island, Assab, Jibuti, Berbera and Aden is here shown as viewed from over the African mainland. Some recent happenings are recorded; and positions constantly bombed during the month of September are indicated. Although the Italians entered Berbera and Zeila on August 17–19, no attempt has been made to follow up these operations. Neither have they accomplished anything in Yemen. In fact, it is their uncomfortable ally, Germany, who has been active with propaganda on the Arabian coast, chiefly in the holy city of Mecca

PERIM ISLAND, THE STRATEGIC FORTIFIED POINT WHICH GUARDS THE SOUTHERN ENTRANCE TO THE RED SEA: The island has a useful harbour on its south side, with ground rising to 136 ft. and 226 ft. towards the east. The northerly portion is much flatter. The Italians much coveted this little island, and a few years ago were attempting a policy of infiltration on islands in the vicinity and on the Yemen mainland itself

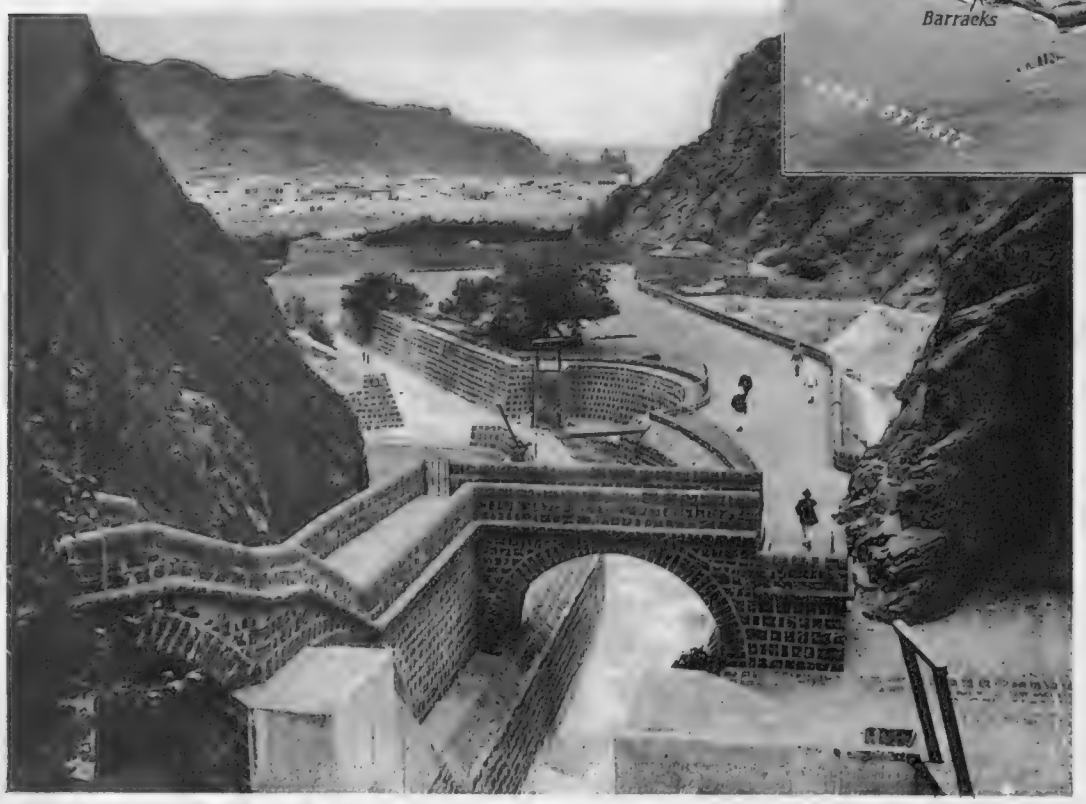
THE Gulf of Aden area is like many another which has sprung into sudden activity and then suffered a lapse into quietude. In the early half of August, the Italians marshalled large forces, freed by the collapse of France, against the small garrison of British Somaliland. This effort seemed in part to be in the nature of a small snap success to offset the long pause on the Libyan frontier. The odds against our forces were frequently 10 to 1, rising to 15 to 1 in the action against Berbera, so that there was nothing to be gained by a desperate resistance.

Berbera had no harbourage or piers of any kind so that a temporary pier erected by the Navy proved invaluable during the evacuation. The slow movements of the native evacuees was somewhat of a strain on those responsible, but all were got away safely, the enemy force pausing to lick its wounds before advancing to occupy the deserted Berbera. Since the middle of August no move has been apparent on the mainland shores and the forward movements towards Aden and India have not taken place.

In fact, on the mainland, the situation is not altogether comfortable. Reports from Jibuti tend to show that there has been a very remarkable change of feeling in the French colony since the first collapse of old France. Both the civil and military population would, it is said, now rally to Free France if they were given a lead. Only the older officials, who are very much under the influence of Vichy, hold back.

The news of General de Gaulle's successes elsewhere in the French Empire is strictly suppressed, and he is officially described as an unsuccessful and exiled rebel. As all privately owned wireless sets have been seized by the local authorities, since June the inhabitants of the colony are completely ignorant of what is now happening in the world, except for the news given through the communiqués issued by the Jibuti administration, which supports the Vichy Government.

The Italian military armistice commission, headed by two generals and fourteen officers wearing full dress and decorations, arrived at Jibuti on August 31 to apply the terms of the armistice. There is also deep resentment among the Senegalese troops, and the Government is fully aware of



THE WATER SUPPLY FOR ADEN IS CONSERVED IN A SERIES OF CLEVERLY DEVISED TANKS: Aden is fully prepared to meet any eventuality in the immediate future; as the supply of water is always an important one in these regions, Aden has devised a system of water-tanks linked together in very clever fashion one above the other. The system of tanks seems to suggest the manner of the water supply of an Eastern potentate's palace. These Aden tanks have a capacity of nearly 8,000,000 gallons

THE KEY TO THE RED SEA: A Survey of the Recent Developments in Perim and in the Area of the Gulf of Aden

GROUND SPACE IS PRECIOUS IN ADEN; BUILDINGS HAVE TO BE FITTED IN CLOSE TO THE ROCKS: Ground space is so precious in Aden that important buildings have to find space on the quayside and actually on the built-up quays themselves. Aden is a busy port and one of the keys to our Indian Empire

MASSAWA, THE ITALIAN PORT OF THE ERITREAN COAST: This Red Sea port has been frequently bombed by the R.A.F. during the past month. All the Italian ports have, in fact, been regularly visited by British planes. In the above view is seen the old Khedive's Palace, now the Italian Governor's house

WHERE MUSLIMS WORSHIP IN JIBUTI: Modern Jibuti still has its older quarter which contains a number of mosques—most of the inhabitants are Muslim. There is growing discontent in all classes against the control from the Pétain Government at Vichy

the difficulty of persuading them to surrender their rifles. When the Italians asked to inspect the frontier fortifications they were told they could do so at their own responsibility, the authorities refusing to guarantee their personal safety.

A military and naval point of great interest in this area is Perim Island, small in extent but of the highest importance from a strategic point of view. It lies right in the southern mouth of the Red Sea. It is but 96 miles west by south from Aden and is only 2 miles from the Arabian shore. It measures some 3½ miles long by 1 mile in width. The harbour on the south side has a depth of water from 25 to 30 ft.

Perim, the Diodorus Island of the "Periplus," was, in consequence of the French occupation of Egypt in the time of Napoleon, garrisoned by a British Force from the year 1799 to 1801.

In view of the construction of the Suez Canal and the increasing importance of the Red Sea route, it was annexed by Great Britain and placed under the Aden Residency.

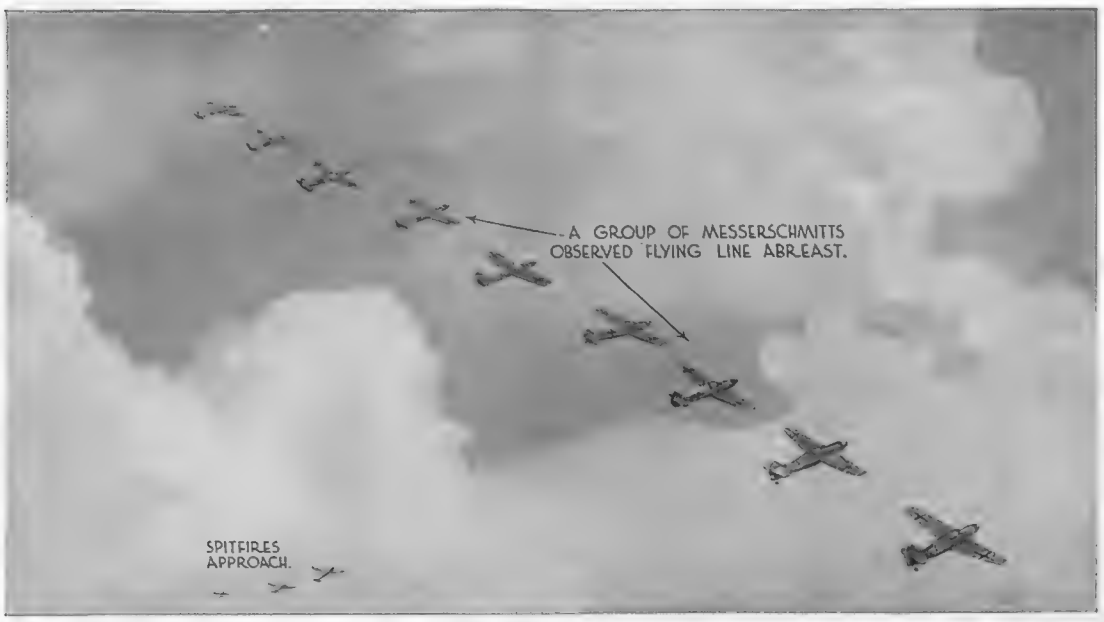
IN A JIBUTI STREET LOOKING TOWARDS THE SEA: French Somaliland, although it forms part of "Pétain" France, is still unoccupied by Italians, for the French military forces are still in being and the situation is one of considerable tension

A BAZAAR WHICH LIES IN A CRATER—AN ODD JUXTAPOSITION IN THE MAIN STREET OF THE HARBOUR OF ADEN

Life in the streets of Aden pursues its normal tenor, but feels the effect of recent events owing to the evacuation of refugees and forces from British Somaliland. This view shows one of the most entertaining portions of Aden—the native shopping centre. The shopkeepers are mostly Arabs and Somalis, with a sprinkling of Jews, Greeks, and Parsees. Every kind of article associated with the Orient can be purchased in the quaint emporia here, which are overlooked by the walls of an old crater

BOMBING LONDON "BY THE CLOCK"

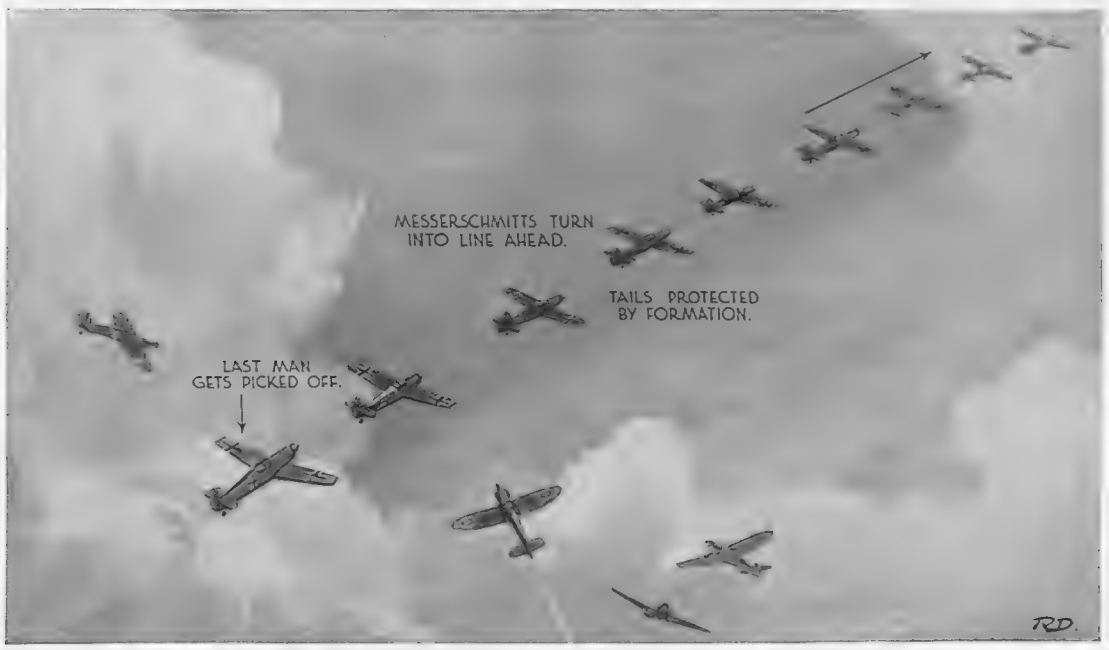
A Method Adopted by German Night Raiders When Thick Cloud Obscures the Target



MORE ABOUT THE BATTLE TACTICS OF THE AIR: The Messerschmitts come over in line abreast —

In recent fighting in the air, the R.A.F. have found, on occasion, that large forces of fighters have been trying to get through unaccompanied by any bombers at all—the idea obviously being to shoot down fighter for fighter. To accomplish this, the German squadrons have adopted the formation shown above—line abreast. As our Spitfires come up fast from behind, the enemy suddenly alters formation to that shown below—line astern. By this means they protect the greater part of the formation at the expense of the rear members; the R.A.F. have to shoot their way right down the line! Or, so the Germans think; but, of course, the R.A.F. are adopting other tactics; they break up the formations by each singling out an aircraft in the line and forcing the enemy to engage in "dog-fights"

— Then, when Spitfires come into view, they change formation into line astern, as below



TEACHING OUR BOMBERS THEIR JOB: A Pupil at the Controls of an Oxford Trainer

Amidst the aerial combat over all parts of the British Isles, the work of training pilots and crews for the R.A.F. goes on without ceasing. After the pupils have mastered the art of flying itself, they are passed on to intermediate aircraft to learn control at higher speeds, navigation, bomb aiming, gunnery, etc., etc. This pilot is at the controls of an Airspeed Oxford, an advanced training monoplane. Although the crew would not normally exceed three at any one time, stations are provided in this fine aircraft for pilot, navigator or second pilot, bomb-aimer, wireless operator, rear gunner and camera operator—so that instruction can be given to all these vital members of the crew

INDISCRIMINATE BOMBING MADE MORE INDISCRIMINATE
How it has been done by German airmen flying

NOW that the fogs and mists and clouds of autumn are descending on Britain, it has been a matter of speculation for many as to how German aircraft can still continue to drop their bombs on London.

Thick cloud is a great deterrent to precise flying, but it does not prevent bombing of a given area *provided the bombers do not mind how indiscriminate their bombing is.*

"Bombing by the clock" is carried out as in the above diagram. The first stage, states the *Evening Standard's* air correspondent, is the flight across the Channel in the direction of the target. This is carried out above the clouds on a fixed course, at a fixed speed, for a fixed flying time. Then the raider descends below the clouds in a glide to observe a landmark 20 or 30 miles outside London. Having found this, the pilot sets out on the second stage.

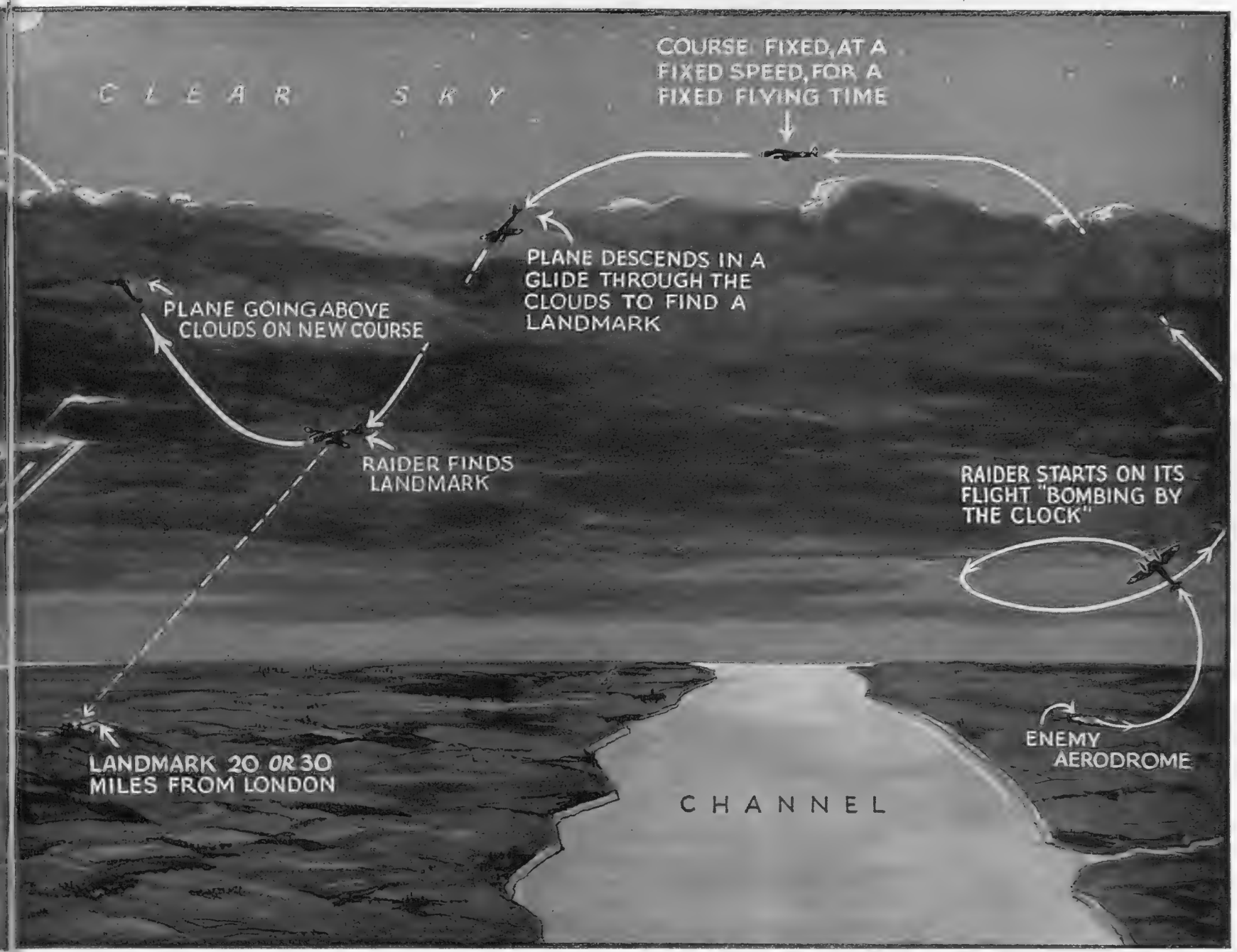
This entails going above the clouds, to fly rapidly on a newly-fixed course, while watching the hands of the clock closely. As soon as, say, 5 mins. 10 secs. have passed, the bomb-aimer releases his load—and hopes that the bombs have fallen within the selected area of London.

The air crew cannot know whether the area has been hit, because they cannot see through the clouds. And they dare not descend again because of the balloon barrage and London's huge nest of anti-aircraft guns. Meanwhile the bomber's great speed, the crew hope, will make the aeroplane a difficult target for the anti-aircraft guns.

"Bombing by the clock" is regarded as a completely unsatisfactory way of attacking targets. Any air force that adheres to the method is not concerned with accuracy.

Göring has been using his best-trained blind-flying pilots in these operations. These men fly through the top layers of cloud with no natural horizon to guide them. Their eyes are fixed on instruments which tell them whether they are flying "straight and level," and at the correct height.

During the course of such flights as these Londoners get the impression that the bombers are flying particularly low. This results from the higher speed—and therefore louder engine noise—of the aircraft, and from the echoes that the clouds send to the ground.



BY WEATHER CONDITIONS: Flying "by the clock" to bomb London from above the clouds. blind during recent nights when the capital has been covered by heavy clouds

TRAINING OUR COMING PILOTS AND BOMBERS: A New Zealand Observer at Work on His Bomb Sight. *On right*—**A Pilot Instructor with his Pupil during a Navigation Lesson**

Apart from the actual training of pilots, the training of other members of a bomber's crew—navigators, gunners and bomb-aimers—is proceeding apace; British crews are not equalled elsewhere in the world. In navigation, particularly, the training is of the most comprehensive nature—which is only to be expected in view of the long distances British aircraft have to fly to reach their objectives in Italy and North and North-East Germany. The number of trainer aircraft available for tuition purposes is more than adequate, so much so that some of our trainer planes have actually been doing patrols under service conditions! These two views were taken recently at a training centre in England, where instruction is given in the aircraft actually during flights

THE STRATEGIC POSITION OF THE ITALIAN AND BRITISH FORCES IN EGYPT AND THE SUDAN

The Italians have for some months held their original positions along the Libyan frontier. With no enemy to distract them on the west (owing to the defection of France), their position would appear to be a strong one but for the fact that the desert and the sea offer difficulties in two directions, and these two directions are the only possible avenues of advance, the sea cutting off the upper half of a strategic circle. A possible line of advance south-east towards Owenat and El Obeid to join up with a simultaneous push from Kassala appears adventurous and would certainly be fraught with danger; there is, for instance, a great area of waterless sand which would have to be avoided; and that would not be too easy

ITALY'S ADVANCE INTO EGYPT

How General Graziani has Spread out on Three Lines Along the Libyan Shore Escarpment

THE threatened Italian invasion of Egypt has at last taken place. Graziani has set his great force into motion, the wire entanglement along the frontier has been thrown down for the entrance of the troops, and the tanks, armoured cars, and huge guns are now moving in a cloud of dust along the coastal road.

This invasion has been expected ever since the end of July when great concentrations of troops were observed on the Libyan side of the frontier. Zero hour was said to be on August 9, but something apparently happened, and Mussolini did not give the word to advance. Instead, British Somaliland was thought to be an easier proposition, the conquest of which would give prestige with considerably less danger than a full-scale attack upon Egypt. The weather conditions were unfavourable, the heat being almost unbearable, and the question of carrying all water presented a serious problem. The interval was employed in propaganda to persuade the Egyptians to believe that an Italian victory would mean freedom from the British connection, and complete liberty from any foreign interference. Unfortunately, the Duce's well-known ambition to recreate the Roman Empire has made this talk of friendliness to Egypt palpably absurd to all Moslems.

From the very opening of war with Italy the small British forces have been attacking Libya from the air, the sea, and the land. Tank patrols cut the wire fence and made dashes into the desert, cutting off convoys and destroying pipe-lines, while the R.A.F. bombed aerodromes, harbours, petrol dumps and any concentration of troops. The Royal Navy has cruised the whole length of the Mediterranean but has not met the Italian Fleet which promptly retires to Taranto and safety. The Libyan naval harbour of Tobruk has been so battered from the sea and air that its usefulness as a base has been much reduced.

It was on September 15 that the Italians began their move into Egypt, entering, in their customary manner, with all forces at their command. They had to cross the Sollum ridge before getting down to the coast road to Alexandria. Sollum, which was only a small frontier outpost, had been evacuated by the Egyptian Frontier Force some time in June, but the Italians continued to bomb the few buildings scattered along the coast week after week. Their way over the ridge had been blown up before the British retired, and mines laid to entrap the advancing tanks. As the tanks, armoured cars, and tractors carrying heavy guns pushed on their way, they became an excellent target for the R.A.F. and for the British guns, so scattered and cleverly hidden that the Italians could find nothing to hit.

On September 16, the Italians had reached Buq Buq, among the sand-hills, where a sharp tank and armoured-car engagement took place. The British tanks scored hits on petrol supply tanks and the great water-tanks, and the R.A.F. bombed the columns moving along what is described as the world's worst road, which the heavy cars have so pounded that the dust rises in thick clouds. Yet in spite of many casualties, of the almost unbearable heat, and the persistent guerrilla attacks of the mobile British forces, the spearhead of the Italian invading host reached Sidi Barrani, some 50 miles from the frontier, on September 17. There it has remained apparently busy in making bases and protecting itself as far as possible from sudden attacks by British troops. The tanks and armoured cars probably need attention as the fine dust penetrates into the interior and, mixing with the oil, chokes up the engines.

Owing to the incredible heat all movement is largely confined to late evening and early dawn, as tanks become quite intolerable under the midday ferocity of the sun. It is not absolutely known how large the Italian force is, but one correspondent states that at least ten infantry battalions, each about 1,000 men, are advancing behind the tanks and armoured cars, some of them bearing the heavy anti-aircraft guns. The same correspondent says the Italians are encumbered by massive clothing, "long thick pants and heavy boots" which seems odd when Italians in the Mother Country are ordered to take to 'shorts' as being more hygienic and helping to self-sufficiency.

From Sidi Barrani, which is only a small place of mud cottages, a good metalled road runs along the coast, evidently attractive to Graziani's plan of rapid advance. Yet at the same time this road is open to attack from the sea, which has already been taken advantage of by the Navy who have been shelling Sidi Barrani. In spite of this obvious danger the Italians appear to be clinging to this one route along the coast and not to be branching-off in any other direction.

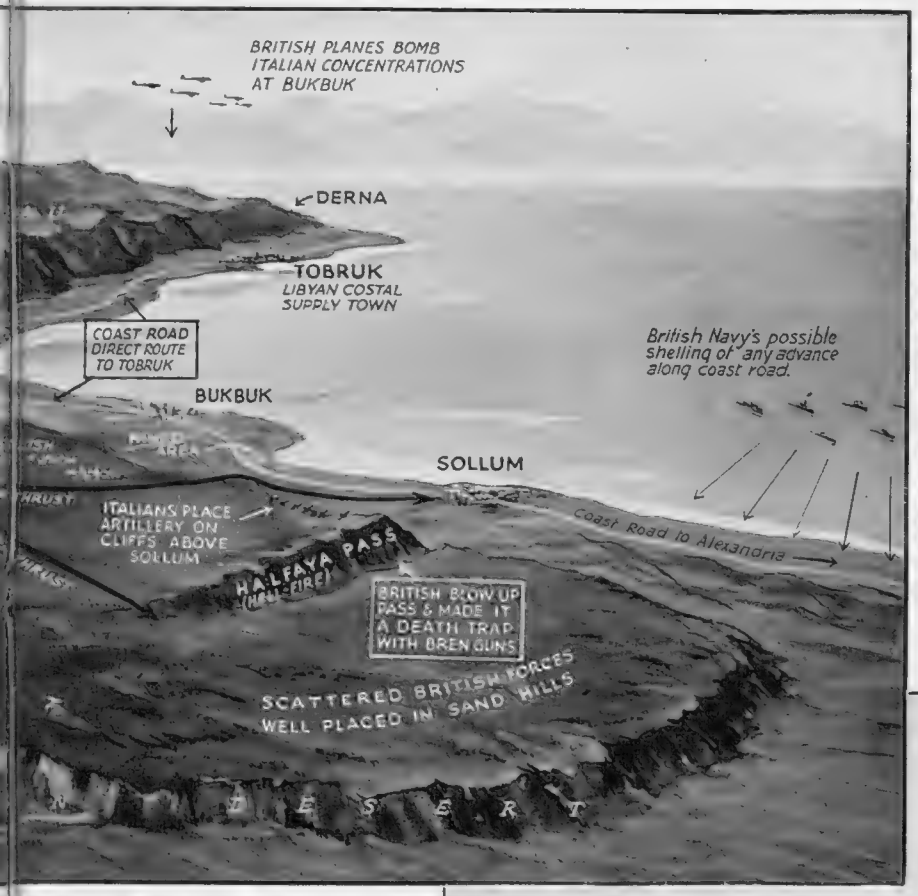
THE BRITISH FORCES IN EGYPT HAVE BEEN CONSTANTLY ON THE ALERT—EITHER FIGHTING IN EARNEST OR ON MANŒUVRE: The British forces have grown to be remarkably adept in understanding the nature of desert cover; the Italian forces met with in frontier encounters have been severely dealt with

THE THREE FINGERS OF THE ITALIAN ADVANCE ON THE SHORE OF THE GU

After the gradual accumulation of his infantry and r recently on to a small elevated region stretching in shore escarpment above Sollum. One advance was escarpment, and a third a little to the south of the to the beach and this had been reduced to an unples enemy's positions on the sand were countered by Br up to last week no real challen

THE NILE DELTA COUNTRY AGAINST WHICH AN ADVANCE ALONG THE SHORE WOULD BRING THE ITALIAN FORCES

The road from Sollum to Alexandria, some 300 miles along the coast, is not at all a good one; and any route farther south would mean that the invaders would have to traverse a considerable amount of sand dune. The delta country here illustrated lies as a further barrier between Alexandria and Cairo. The whole of this area, in fact, is a mass of waterways, barrages and dykes; and the assembled fleet at Alexandria is another factor with which the Italians would have to contend if ever they got so far!



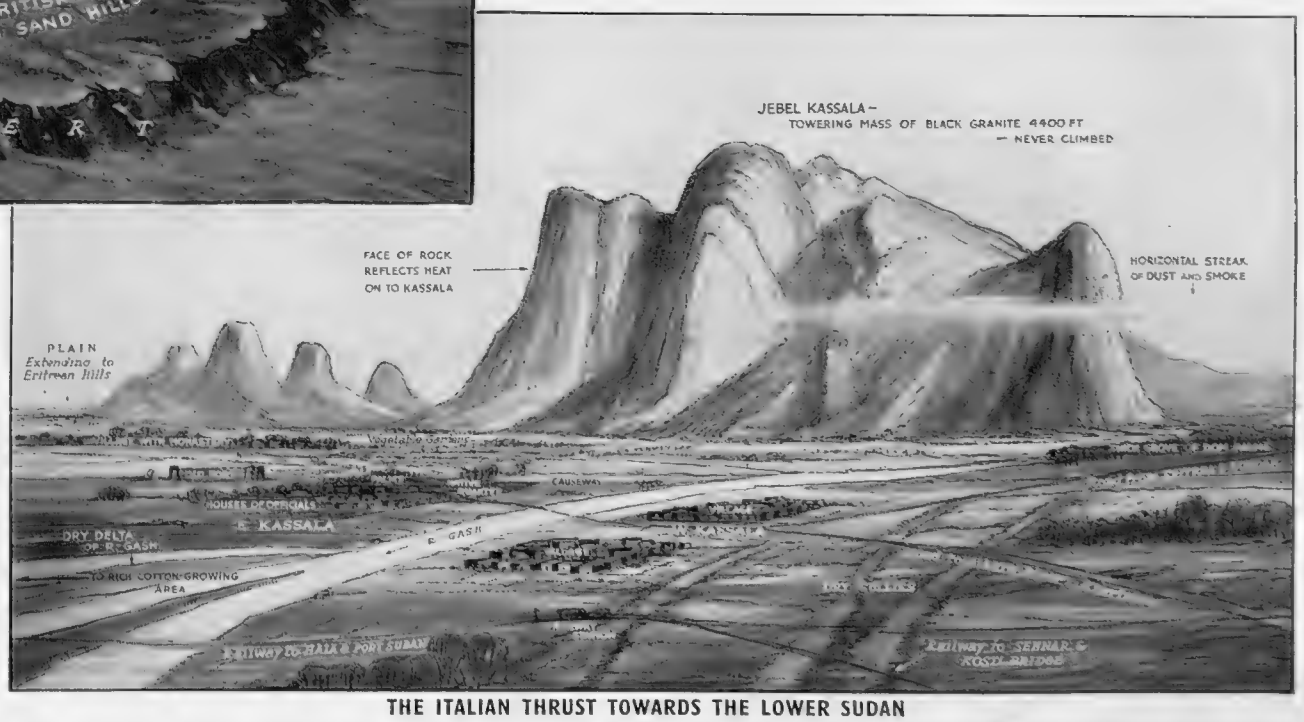
ON TO THE ESCARPMENT AND ALONG LIF OF SOLLUM

chanised arms, General Graziani advanced Egyptian territory. It is bordered by the long the shore, another higher up on the ther two. There is only one way down on sant condition by the British forces. The ch ones adroitly placed, so much so that had been attempted

They are well supplied with water-lorries, an essential need over the 300-mile desert road to Alexandria. These water-lorries had been acquired some time ago when the Italians were preparing for their colonists in Libya.

The position of the Egyptian Government has been somewhat anomalous. Though determined to resist the enemy, it has been decided that the frontier outposts are not part of the actual soil of Egypt proper, and therefore war has not yet been declared. But there is full understanding with the British command, and the Egyptian troops are in readiness to take their part in the defence of their own land.

CAIRO PROCLAIMED A "HOLY CITY" IN ORDER TO ESCAPE BOMBING BY ITALIAN PLANES: The results of heavy bombing on Cairo would probably be exceptional; there are few modern concrete structures such as have been damaged by bombs in other cities. But victory is to the strong; bombing might be a dusty business, but not so devastating as in other towns



THE ITALIAN THRUST TOWARDS THE LOWER SUDAN

In early August the Italian Abyssinian command launched a big attack on Kassala, the British frontier post close to the Abyssinian hills. The rainy season, it was announced, would hold up any further attack until September. The month is now considerably advanced but at the time of writing no movement has been reported. Above is a view of the great Jebel which towers over Kassala

The AMAZING REGION of OWENAT:

The Astonishing Rock Mass Which Forms the Frontier Point of Libya, Egypt, and the Sudan

THE TOWERING CLIFFS OF OWENAT, 6,000 FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL, FIRST SEEN BY HASSENEIN BEY IN 1923

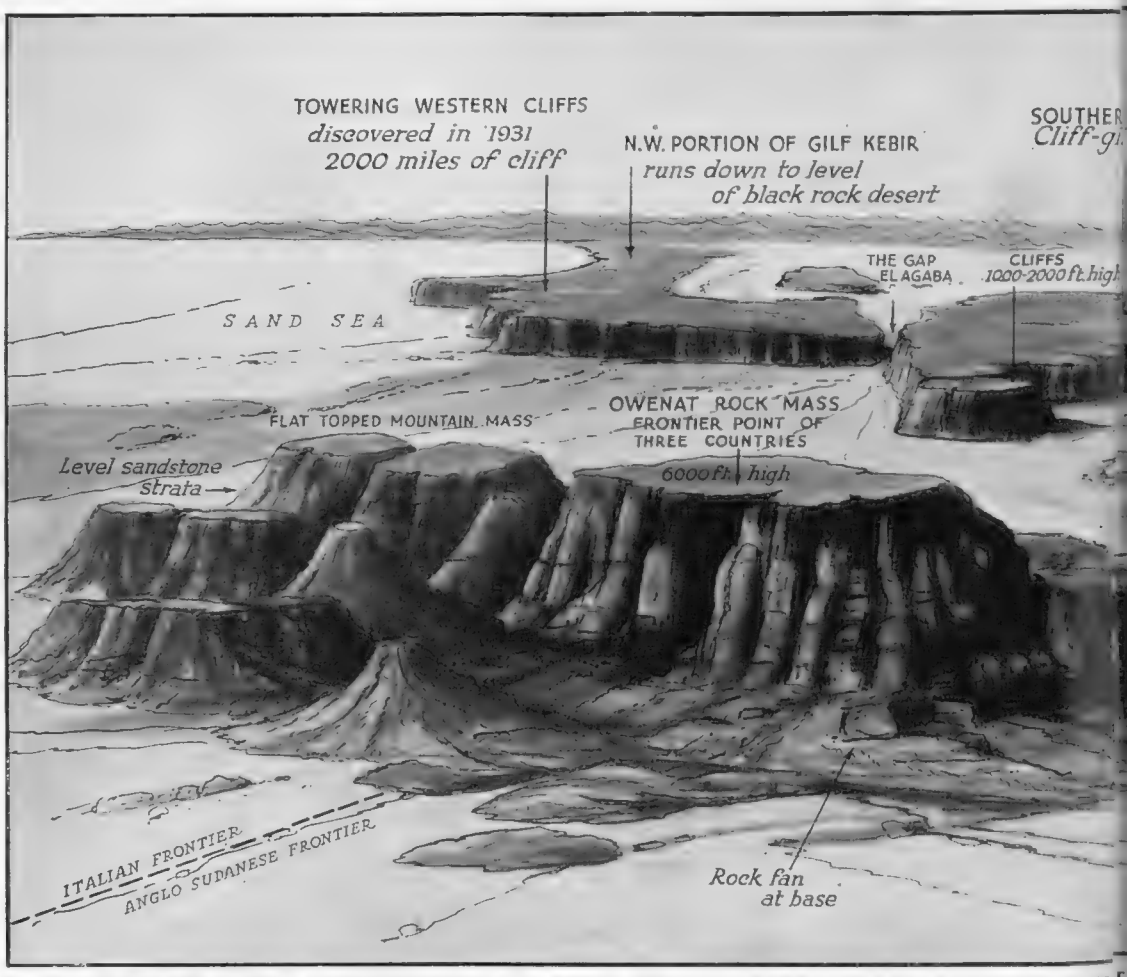
Owenat (or Uweinat), occupies a peculiarly important position politically, as a frontier post far out in the desert, where Libya touches Egypt and the Sudan. Physically it is one of the most astounding sights in the whole of Africa. Major Bagnold wrote that, "From a circle of low foothills its sheer cliffs tower in fantastic walls and bastions like a colossal citadel set in a limitless flat plain." The silicated sandstone beds, perfectly level, break off into huge boulders. This is an actual picture of the Owenat rock mass

THE present military situation in north-east Africa brings within this strategic area two physical features of a most astonishing character. As will be seen on the map given on the preceding pages, the southern point at which Italian Libya touches Egypt and the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan is marked by a rock mass of astonishing character. It is, indeed, a frontier post of most unique character. With the recent delimitation of these desert frontiers, the frontier lines were so arranged that they cut the rock mass into three portions, the western part being allotted to Italy. This was supposed to hold the only water supply, but this is not so. Several water-holes have since been located in juxtaposition to the caves which contain some remarkable rock drawings.

Owenat and its strange neighbour the Gilf Kebir were completely unknown until a few years ago, when as the result of two Egyptian expeditions their general appearance was first given to the outer world. During the past few years small British organised expeditions have visited and climbed the awe-inspiring walls of these astounding products of the African desert.

Although anyone intimately acquainted with the topography of Africa is aware that its immense level stretches are pierced or broken by sudden uprushes from the desert or scrub plains, the sight of the Gilf Kebir plateau is one which makes the traveller catch his breath. Its cliff wall stretches all along the horizon and the whole mass is perhaps best compared with a huge Antarctic berg. The fact that the whole mass, seemingly level, really slopes gradually down to the level of the plain at the north still further justifies the comparison. The wadis which pierce the cliff walls are invisible from a short distance and are therefore very difficult to survey. From north to south the plateau mass measures about 150 miles; it is cut in two by a deep eroded passage.

Of recent expeditions to the Gilf Kebir and to Owenat, those with which Major R. A. Bagnold was associated have done excellent work in studying the two masses from various angles. Major Bagnold, who was particularly concerned with sand movements in south-west Egypt, has a facile pen and has recorded some outstanding impressions in papers delivered to the Royal Geographical Society. Some of the illustrations given here were taken on the occasion of a recent expedition. Major Bagnold writes:



OWENAT AND GILF KEBIR SHOWN IN DIAGRAMMATIC F

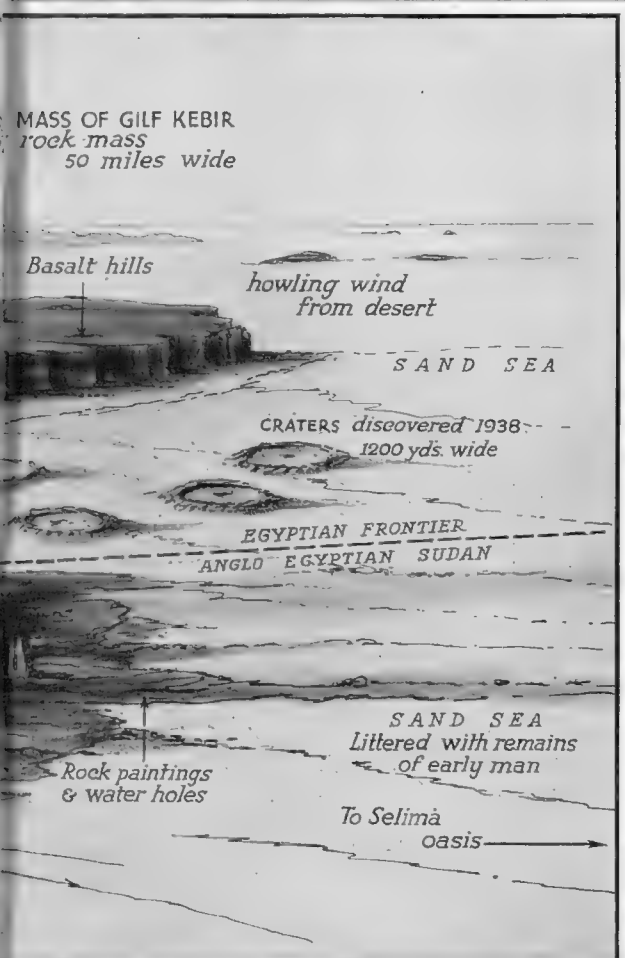
The general form and relative positions of the two great rock masses, unknown until recent years, are here shown in diagrammatic form. Some 70 miles separate these two flat-topped rock masses: to the right are a number of shallow craters breaking the level of the sand sea which

"The flat-topped mountain mass of Owenat, ten miles across, collects its own scanty local rainfall, which maintains several springs and water-holes deep in rocky clefts. It appeared as a geographical reality only in 1923, when Hassenein Bey discovered it on his great journey from the Mediterranean through Kufra to the Sudan. Later, in 1925 and 1926, Prince Kemal el Din, coming from Southern Egypt with a fleet of caterpillar cars, used it as a water base on his expeditions. From a circle of low foothills its sheer cliffs tower in fantastic walls and bastions like a colossal citadel set in a limitless flat plain."

On left — **THE SIZE OF THE SCREEFALLS** below Owenat cliffs can be judged from this view taken on the western (Italian) side by comparing the boulders with the two covered lorries drawn up close to the scree

SET IN A SEA OF SAND, GILF KEBIR PLATEAU IS GIRDLED WITH PRECIPITOUS CLIFFS RISING TO 2,000 FT.

Gilf Kebir is in some ways more strange even than Owenat, its neighbour. Though from a distance its cliffs appear as a continuous line, they are in reality bitten into by a number of deep fiords which produce a series of headlands. This particular stretch of cliff lies in the north-west section, a part only recently examined by expeditions from Egypt. Its upper surface is covered with the trackways of ancient man



FORM IN THEIR LONELY SETTING AMID THE SAND SEA

stretches for hundreds of miles in every direction. In the distance is the great sand-dune sea reaching back to Siwa and in the foreground is indicated the direction of the track to the Selima oasis, which is a water point on the road to distant Wadi Halfa

Of the Gilf Kebir he says: "For a long time the unexplored top seemed totally inaccessible except on foot. From El'Agaba north-west, southwards down the western coast, and northwards again along the eastern cliffs, including the outline of the walls of all the 'creeks' and 'fiords,' we estimate a total cliff frontage of more than 2,000 miles; yet so uniform is the structure of this extraordinary tableland that we despaired of ever finding a way up possible for a car. On February 28, however, Peel and I succeeded in finding a very tall sand-drift some miles north of our camp which yielded to us after four unsuccessful attempts to charge it at speed with our car empty. We found ourselves at the tip of a small peninsula connected to the mainland of the plateau by a narrow neck along which ran a well-beaten road marked at close intervals by ancient cairns. We had unwittingly hit upon a forgotten pass probably last used by the Stone Age people when the lifeless yellow plains below were green. On March 3 we went up again and spent two days travelling over the plateau and across to the brink of the western cliffs.

"A proper survey of the top was peculiarly difficult; for although the positions of the more important headlands had been fixed from below, from a distance, by Prince Kemal el Din on the east and by Clayton on the west, yet so flat is the land above that a few hundred yards away from the cliffs all landmarks visible from below disappear from view, and one is left with a flat horizon broken only by the domes, far away in the interior, of isolated unmapped basalt hills sticking up through the mirage. Indeed, unless one stands on their actual brink, the presence of the cliffs can only be inferred from the peculiar lack of whiteness in the hard sky of the horizon.

"Upon the top the Gilf forces on one the complete illusion of a large cliff-girt island rising from mid-ocean; the endless succession of headlands all of even height, the cliffs beneath them falling sheer from the flatness of the tableland without preliminary drainage slope, the limitless plains 1,000 ft. below, so far down that their negligible yellow features fade away in the haze. Even more striking is the monotonous shouting of the wind that sweeps continually over the plateau and swirls away into space over the edge of the cliffs: nothing could better imitate the roar of breakers on a distant beach. Another odd fancy was the imagined presence of the old people. There was nothing between them and us. The place has the utter remoteness of another world. One felt suspended high above the desert below, itself many hundreds of miles from the nearest habitation. The plateau is a harsh barrenness of broken rock; over all its thousands of square miles we found but two or three tiny dells containing vegetation, yet a network of paths cross and recross it. Lines of stones are laid out in curious patterns as if by children playing at forts. Implements and flakes are everywhere; near the cliff edges the ground is literally strewn with them, some blackened by the sun, but others so fresh they might be yesterday's chippings. One expected at any moment to see the return of their makers, uncouth figures clambering up over the skyline of the cliffs hammerstone in hand to resume their eternal rock-breaking."

FLAT DESERT COUNTRY BROKEN BY FLAT-TOPPED HILLOCKS SURROUND THIS AMAZING REGION

There are numerous tracks of old caravan routes to be seen in the desert country traversed to reach the Owenat and Gilf Kebir region; sometimes they are covered up by sand, the only indications of the former desert thoroughfare being the whitened bones of camels. Some of the tracks lead towards Kufra and Central Africa

THE FIGHTING IN LIBYA

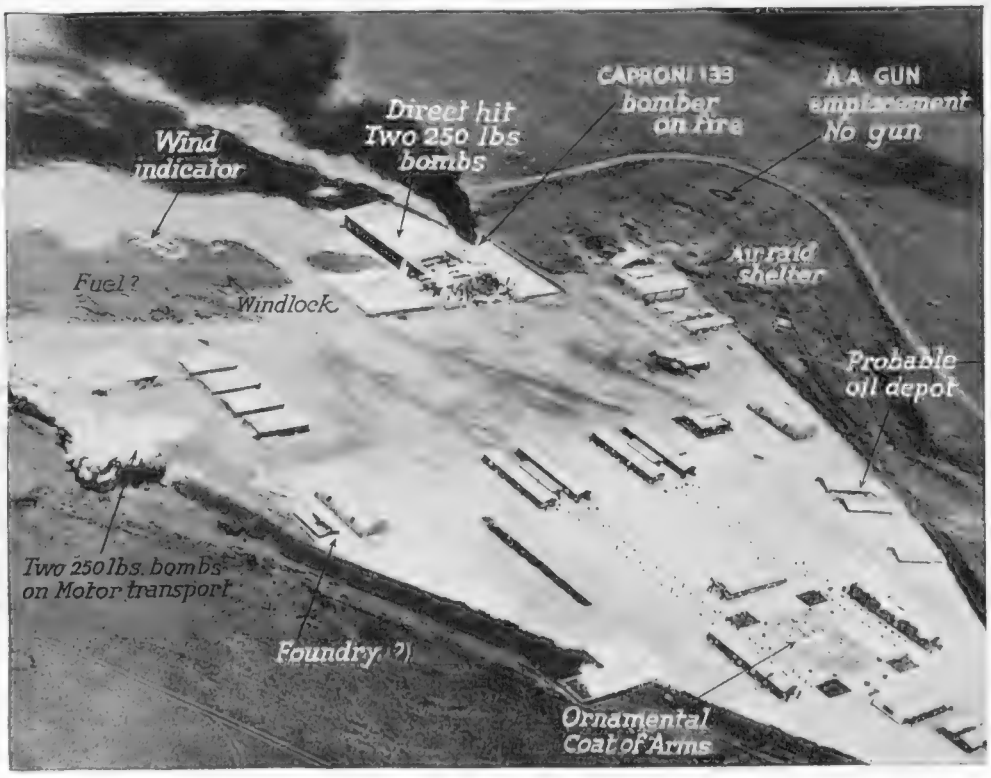
Where the Italians are now Massing to Attack Egypt

AN ITALIAN GENERAL CAPTURED IN LIBYA: Among the many prisoners of war captured during the recent fighting in the Egyptian desert is an Italian General—Major-General Romolo La Strucci. Here he is seen with other officer-captives in an internment camp in Egypt

ITALIAN PRISONERS OF WAR, SCANTILY CLAD OWING TO THE GREAT HEAT, LEAVING THEIR CAMP FOR WORK IN THE DESERT

AN OFFICIAL PICTURE FROM A FORWARD AREA ON THE LIBYAN FRONTIER: A British armoured car is here towing a captured Italian tank back to headquarters. The Italians are using (and losing) many of these light two-seater tanks in the desert areas which protect the western flanks of Egypt; they are mainly of Fiat manufacture, and come from Turin

A BRITISH ARMOURED CAR OPERATING IN ENEMY TERRITORY: This barbed-wire barrier was erected by the Italians for a length of 400 miles: it marks the Libya-Egypt border. The British armoured car appears to have made light work of securing a method of entry!



Above—**A SCENE AT A DESERT AERODROME IN EGYPT; AND** *right*—**THE BOMBING OF NEGHELLI AERODROME IN ABYSSINIA**

The picture on the right shows the military aerodrome occupied by the Italians at Neghelli, during its bombardment by the South African Air Force. A column of black smoke is rising from a Caproni 133 bomber which was set on fire; the wrecked hangar beside it has been hit by two bombs; and the motor transport on the left was also hit by two bombs. This attack is part of the policy of the R.A.F. Middle East Command which is daily carrying out raids on Italian air bases

A NEW GUN FOR THE ARMY

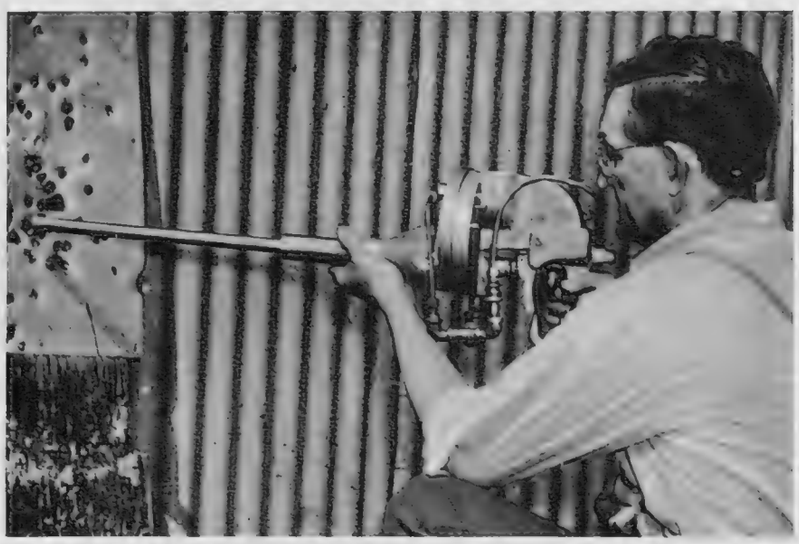
The Besa Machine-Gun; and Other New Inventions

As in the last war, the efforts of British inventors are already being felt in the various branches of the Services. The Army have just adopted a new machine-gun, the Besa, and special factories have been built for its manufacture. The latest type of this gun is made in two calibres—7·92 mm. and 15 mm., or ·312 in. and ·591 in. It is based on the principle of the Bren gun (which has a calibre of ·303); and it can be mounted on tanks or used on the ground. From the smaller model approximately 3,000 rounds can be fired in 30 minutes without change of barrel: with the use of two barrels 7,000 rounds have been fired within the same period. Eight hundred rounds have been fired from the 15 mm. weapon in from eight to ten minutes with two barrels in use

THE ARMY'S LATEST MACHINE-GUN, THE BESA, FOR WHOSE MANUFACTURE SPECIAL FACTORIES HAVE BEEN BUILT IN THIS COUNTRY

THE TANK CORPS PRACTISE WITH THE NEW BESA GUN WHICH CAN BE MOUNTED ON TANKS OR USED ON THE GROUND AS IN THE ABOVE PICTURE

THE "TOMMY" GUN ADOPTED FOR THE HOME GUARD: This weapon is very powerful when used at short range; it is a "sub-machine-gun," the product of the Thompson Company of Chicago. During the war of the gangsters in New York and Chicago it frequently figured in the many killings which then took place. This gun is almost always used as a hand weapon, though it can be worked with sights for more accurate fire. The whole output of the Thompson concern is now being devoted to British needs



THE WORLD'S "DEADLIEST WEAPON" FIRES 10,000 SHOTS A MINUTE—WITHOUT NOISE: "It is deadlier than any weapon ever before devised," claim William B. Hale and Durand Beam, the two U.S. inventors of this gun. It is fired by compressed air and can discharge a stream of 10,000 shots a minute. As explosive charges are not used, it is claimed that the barrel gets cooler instead of warmer when the gun is in action. Compressed air also eliminates the noise of the explosion. Here the new weapon is shown puncturing steel of the thickness of aeroplane armour; operating it is William B. Hale, one of the inventors

THE AMERICAN DEFENCE CORPS WITH THEIR NEW GUNS: This body, consisting of Americans in Britain, has armed itself at its own expense with light machine-guns, Mills bombs, and other equipment suitable for a mobile force. All the armaments have come from the United States, and included in this material are the new Colt automatic light machine-guns seen above. They are of a type rarely seen in this country

THE STANDARD TYPE OF VICKERS MACHINE-GUN AS USED THROUGHOUT THE BRITISH ARMY: It is here being demonstrated—and its method of operation being explained—at a Northern rifle range to members of the Home Guard

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An ESCAPE from the WAR

Country Life and Sport Now and Hereafter; Notes on Roe-buck and Alien Peers and Misquotations; The Potato and Wishful Thinking

COUNTRY LIFE—AFTERWARDS.—I liked Lord Dorchester's comfortable words on the future of the landowner, and the survivals of country sports in England after the present spot of trouble. None can doubt that there will be no more decorative landlords. Those who can cling on to 1,000 or less of their ancestral acres can only do so if they are scientific, working farmers and foresters who run their estates as a business and a means of livelihood. There will never again be joy- counties or joy- country houses in the sense of idleness, recreation or luxury. The day of the professional shot is over. Every squire must be a professional, a specialist, in his own kind of agriculture.

But even after the war and the settling up, though life will be earnest and real, there will be occasion for recreation. The most hard-worked farmer finds time to thin out his coveys; it is not impossible that he may still keep a few couple of hounds to hunt a hare "or even an old dog-fox." That's as may be. I am inclined to agree with him. But even if blood-sports died out, life's pleasures are not over for the squire and the farmer. Those pleasures hang on every bush for those who have eyes to see.

When the sky holds no sudden death and the fields no unexploded bombs, it is recreation enough to be alive and idle in the English countryside—pleasanter still to be alive and busy.

Salute to Sportsmen.—Almost my first experience of shooting in company was gained on a September day among the roots near Thirsk. I can still conjure back the appalling heat of that memorable day of "dust and heat," when we plied back and forth under a burning sun through a root crop knee high and in a haze of dust. The other day I stopped to watch some sportsmen in the South of England doing their duty under even more gruelling conditions and sparing neither age nor sex of both partridges and pheasants. The quarry was not easy to miss, save for the dust banks constantly advancing before the guns. The bag was apparently satisfactory.

I was more interested in the dress fashions as I stood panting in the shade of a spreading oak tree in a fence. The keeper was wearing his familiar uniform, thorn-proof boxcloth, bowler hat, and heavy gaiters, and the gallant man gained a tribute of admiration. But some of the "guns" were of frailer fibre. Two were dressed in grey flannel trousers, light rubber shoes, and an open cotton shirt, and I daresay they got for their pains a couple of bruised shoulders. One only wore conventional shooting clothes. One affected shorts. There were two beaters in battle dress, four schoolboys practically *in puris naturalibus*.

As for the shooting dogs, they were panting under the hedge 400 yards behind. I saluted the sportsmen and passed on. Shooting is not a summer game though it may be a war duty.

The Faculties of Deer.—In my youth, I used often to get up at dawn in the Highlands and go out in the woods stalking roe-deer with a pea-rifle. It was quite a good apprenticeship to the art of deer-stalking and one learned some of the essential technique and methods of approach. I never found that what is essential in that technique with red-deer was not essential with roe-buck. It was folly to approach them down-wind, for they instantly got the alert through their noses, and made off.

The roe-buck of southern England are the same article. They frequent West Sussex and are a gardener's pest. Small gardens in wood clearings are their feeding grounds and foodstuffs must be preserved from their thievings.

So I go forth not seldom against them, and find that the roe-buck of South England have not the faculties of their Highland brethren. They do not seem to get one's wind. It is often necessary to approach them down-wind, and it is their ears and eyes and not their noses on which they rely. This fact I have noticed more especially with the young. Is it possible that the faculty of sensing danger from smell is acquired in deer by teaching or experience and is not inherent from birth? There is no doubt at all that a young English roe-buck does not sense danger with his nose.

Enemy Peers.—I confess that I think it waste of energy to remove Lord Newburgh from the roll of British peers. His sister, Lady Howard of Penrith, recently put forward a plea on behalf of this Italian-British nobleman and indicated that he was a lover of England, not a lover of Fascism, and that he had never taken any part in politics in Italy or Britain. We have many such hereditary legislators in this country, students, country gentlemen, agriculturalists and so on, and, while we retain them and their kind as a legislative revising chamber, Lord Newburgh is as innocent and as backwoodsmanlike as many of them who are British and live in Britain. It is mildly interesting to explain how it came about that Prince Charles Giustiniani-Bandini, Duke of Mondragone, came to hold the Earldom of Newburgh and Viscountcy of Kynnaird.

The earldom of this creation dates from 1660, and by successions (often in the female line) it was held *de jure* or *de facto* by Livingstons and Radclyffes. The holders usually espoused the Stuart cause in the "troubles," and constantly forfeited their estates and titles. By the death in 1814 of Anthony Radclyffe, Earl of Newburgh, without issue, the heir of the line was among the descendants of Charlotte Maria, *suo jure* Countess (1694), of whom a grandson, Prince Giustiniani, an Italian, was the eldest. Because he was an alien, and (it was assumed) not entitled to hold a British peerage, another grandson, Francis Eyre, assumed the title in 1814. His line continued to assume the title from son to brother and from brother to sister, until 1853 when all the descendants of Countess Charlotte had died out.

Meanwhile in Italy, the Giustiniani, subject to any alien disqualifications which might exist, were the rightful holders, *de jure* Earls of Newburgh. Vincentius Giustiniani (1814) took no steps to establish his claim, but his daughter, who married Marquis Bandini in 1815, succeeding him in 1826, became naturalised and had her rights to the British title confirmed by the House of Lords in 1858. Her son, Sigismund Bandini-Giustiniani (1877) was Earl of Newburgh unquestioned and his son Charles succeeded him as Earl in 1901. He had eight sisters, of whom the sixth, Lady Isabella, married Sir Esme Howard, afterwards Lord Howard of Penrith, who died recently.

That—more or less accurately, and probably less—explains the tangle of this peerage succession. Its chief importance to-day is . . . that it does not deal very directly with war.

RURAL CAMOUFLAGE: A resident in South Devon has his own ideas of concealment. He has painted a sylvan design on the whitewashed wall of his cottage, thus combining usefulness with the picturesque. This specimen reminds one of another form of external decoration—the medieval art of pargetting, which consists of decorative designs built into the walls of houses, to be seen mainly in Essex

Misquotations.—John Byng, Lord Torrington, who spent much of his leisure wandering through the England of 1780–1810, had a passion for graveyards. His diary is full of copied tombstone epitaphs and is convincing proof (if proof were needed) of the curious inaccuracy of the human mind.

The more familiar a quotation, the more surely will it be incorrectly cited. Why is this? A quotation becomes popular because it meets a need in the human heart; because it contains a grain of eternal truth, wisdom or comfort.

Hence the popularity of the psalms, and so much of Shakespeare and of the Bible generally. These grains of comfort are picked up by searching, hungry humanity, and ground and kneaded into the loaves they are accustomed to eat. The common man is not a metrical technician and he turns a poet's phrase into something more tuneful to his own ear, or he slightly alters the sense to meet his individual need.

In *Torrington's Diaries* you may find a score of tombstone records whereon the most familiar quotations have been misquoted. In the columns of the daily press you may count in an hour half a dozen misquotations. I doubt if any living man could repeat six consecutive stanzas of *Gray's Elegy* without one slip. Some misquoted quotations have superseded their originals. "There is nothing new under the sun" is a *locus classicus* of accepted misquotation.

The Potato.—The potato crop is gathered in—a very fair, sound crop. Among the gathered tubers was a family with a curious history. In the great freeze-up of 1939, it became difficult to keep my car windscreen free from ice, and someone gave me the tip to cut a potato in half, keep it in the car and rub a section of it periodically on the glass. Like so many tips, it proved utterly ineffective. But the potato halves spent the winter in my car and in March were discovered to have sprouted encouragingly. We therefore planted them in an isolated spot and in due course they had a family of nine fine healthy children.

By a freak or deliberate design of nature one of the offspring closely resembled a chauffeur bent over the wheel of an old-fashioned car. Looked at from any angle, this potato *was* indeed a weird old chauffeur—and nothing else. Was it freak or design of nature? Or was it fancy or "wishful thinking" on our part?

That raises a tremendous question. To what extent in this war do we and the enemy delude ourselves by wishful thinking? If my eyes were impartial, would that chauffeur-potato be in truth a Buddha-potato (a very common type of potato freak) or a pig-potato or a mouse-potato?

It may be so. We persuade ourselves of what we wish to believe. "Our Balkan Correspondent" month after month persuades us that Russia is about to quarrel with the Axis, that Germany is starving, that Germany has run dry of petrol, that Nazi troops have refused to invade us, that Hitler is dying or gone mad, that Mussolini is in senile decay, that Italy is solidly against war . . . but nothing happens. None of these authoritative pronouncements prove true, and when they are repeated we read them again avidly and accept them as new and comforting facts.

Is my potato a chauffeur or a pig or merely a potato? The unravished bride of a Colorado beetle, not very different from a good Nazi potato? The first casualty of war is, and always will be, Truth.

Stirrup Pump and Colorado Beetles.—My stirrup pump has arrived—late but fortunately not too late. It arrived during the first downpour of blessed rain that had fallen since my shortening memory runs. Needless to say, we tested it. We tested it, man, woman, and child, on everything in sight, including man, woman, and child. We sprayed and hosed the wall-peaches, the cabbages and their attendant caterpillars, the house and the household, the car and the cat. All the recipients, save the cat, seemed to enjoy the experience. As for the caterpillars, they raced down the cabbages like scalded cats. It is a most useful weapon for peace and war. We did not spray the potatoes. The fact is the Government requisitioned all our Colorado beetles and called them in. War is a cruel business. These beetles were kept without food for two entire days before being packed in cartons and carried in bombers to be dumped on German potato fields, which they started to eat voraciously at once, as you have heard from Goebbels. It was hard on the beetles, but war is cruel. What would you?

J. G.

BRITISH REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE MIDDLE EAST

The Strengthening of the Middle East Command with Troops from England

With the Italian campaign against Egypt only just beginning, it is already reported that Marshal Graziani has lost a considerable amount of his mechanised equipment and has appealed to Rome for more. If this be true it would argue that the Italian forces are in none too hopeful a position, as they have hardly begun the advance into Egypt proper—and certainly have not yet encountered any serious opposition from the considerable British Forces in the Middle East. Meanwhile, however, these Forces have just been strengthened by the dispatch of further troops from England. A large Convoy has now arrived, thus further demonstrating Italy's lack of control of the Mediterranean, despite boasts of her naval strength in those waters. The British forces are well equipped: their dispatch at a moment like this, when the threat of invasion of this country is by no means over, should be a further assurance (if any were needed!) of our growing military strength within Britain itself

THE MID-AIR FIGHT WITH FIRE WHICH EARNED SERGEANT HANNAH OF THE R.A.F. THE VICTORIA CROSS: Pilot-Officer C. A. Connor, the Canadian pilot, pointing out details of the burnt-out cabin of the aircraft to the Station Engineering Officer

HOW SERGEANT HANNAH WON THE V.C.

For putting out a fire in a plane in the air amid exploding ammunition, Sergeant John Hannah, an eighteen-year-old wireless operator, has been awarded the Victoria Cross. Following a successful attack on the Nazi invasion base and barge concentrations at Antwerp, the fuselage of the plane caught alight. Surrounded by fire and explosion, Sergeant Hannah fought the flames for ten minutes with fire extinguishers and when these were empty he continued to beat out the fire with his log-book until it was put out. The heat was so intense that all the sheet aluminium on the floor of the cockpit was melted away, leaving only the cross bearers. By this conspicuous act of bravery the pilot-officer was enabled to bring the plane back to his station. Sergeant Hannah received severe burns and is now under treatment at a R.A.F. hospital

LEADERS OF BRITAIN'S EFFORT

Some Pictures Taken During Recent Visits of Inspection

THE KING AND QUEEN VISIT AIR-RAID SCENES IN NORTH-WEST LONDON: During the course of a long tour made on foot, the King and Queen inspected many bombed areas in North-West London a few days ago. The Queen, as always, was charming; after an air-raid warning whilst the tour was in progress, Their Majesties inspected one spot where more than 200 houses have been badly damaged

THE DUKE OF KENT VISITS AN OPERATIONAL TRAINING UNIT: Now serving as a Group Captain in the R.A.F., the Duke is specially concerned with the welfare and well-being of our airmen. He is constantly visiting the squadrons and seeing for himself that things are going well. Here he is seen during a visit to a Station in the North-West area

THE FIRST LORD VISITS A NORTH-EAST TRAWLER BASE: Mr. A. V. Alexander has taken up the responsibilities of his office in no uncertain fashion, visiting for himself many strategic areas around the coasts of Britain and the many different branches now comprising the Royal Navy. A few days ago he inspected a trawler base on the North-East coast, accompanied by Rear-Admiral Willwood Maxwell, Flag-Officer in charge of the area; and here the First Lord is seen during the course of this tour

THE PRIME MINISTER VISITS LONDON'S DOCKS: Seated under the flag in the stern of a naval auxiliary vessel, the Prime Minister is seen during his tour of Dockland. He was accompanied by Mrs. Churchill (with whom he is seen above) and by high officials of the Port of London Authority. During his tour the Prime Minister saw areas that had sustained considerable damage from bombing attacks

THE FIRST OF THE AMERICAN FLOTILLA ARRIVE: Escorted by a British warplane, the new Naval additions arrive in Britain

THE U.S. DESTROYERS ARRIVE

The First of the Fifty to Reach Britain

Dr. Goebbels said they would *never* arrive! Yet the first Flotilla of U.S. destroyers has now crossed the Atlantic and is ready for work in European waters. Steaming at an economical speed, these vessels reached England in five days, with plenty of fuel left in their bunkers. They were, in fact, designed to stay at sea for long periods: they will now probably be stripped for action, and there may be modifications in their armament. All the destroyers are "flush-decked," and they will probably be used for escort work, thus relieving the newer and faster British destroyers for other duties. It was expected that the German Air Force would attempt an attack, but this did not eventuate: now the first Flotilla is safely in port, and ready for whatever may come

BRITISH SAILORS, WHO BROUGHT THE DESTROYERS FROM CANADA, GREET THEIR NAVAL COMRADES ON SHORE ON ARRIVAL: There are many destroyers to follow this first Flotilla and they will arrive here quite soon for their new duties with the Navy

TRYING OUT THE AMERICAN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS MOUNTED ON THE DESTROYERS

THIS PICTURE GIVES A GOOD IDEA OF THE TYPE OF VESSEL HANDED OVER BY THE U.S.: They were all completed between 1917 and 1922 and are between 1,000 and 1,200 tons. They were de-gaussed in Canada and should be very useful for escort work

SAFE ARRIVAL HOME: Members of the crew of two of the destroyers shake hands as they berth alongside at a British port

REPAIRING BARRAGE BALLOONS

Girls of the W.A.A.F. at Work in the "Hospital" at Headquarters

GIRLS OF THE WOMEN'S AUXILIARY AIR FORCE AT WORK IN THE BALLOON "HOSPITAL": MAKING REPAIRS TO THE FABRIC OF DAMAGED BALLOONS

MEN OF THE R.A.F. ALSO ASSIST IN THE REPAIR WORK—MAINLY IN THE SPLICING OF ROPES AND WIRES AND OTHER HIGHLY SPECIALISED TASKS

WHEN THE BALLOON HAS BEEN PATCHED OR OTHERWISE REPAIRED, IT IS THEN INFLATED AND GIVEN A COATING OF SOLUTION BY THE GIRLS

EXPERT GIRL WORKERS ARE HERE SEEN REPAIRING GASHES BY MEANS OF AN ELECTRIC SEWING MACHINE

THIS GIRL GOES INSIDE THE BALLOON TO CARRY OUT REPAIRS: SHE IS HERE SEEN PREPARING HER RUBBER "PATCHES"

AND WHEN THE BALLOON IS FINALLY COMPLETED IT IS FOLDED UP INTO THIS VERY SMALL AND COMPACT BALL

In England the balloon barrage its proving its worth as it did earlier in France. Since the start of the war, however, the balloon barrage in England has been doubled, both in balloons and personnel, with increased work for the maintenance and repair shops at Headquarters. Here balloons which have had a tussle with the weather are handed over for repair. There is rigging, splicing and patching to be done and perhaps a valve to be re-seated. Much of the fabric repair work is done by W.A.A.F. girls, expert in handling electric sewing machines. The heavier work, such as rope and steel wire splicing, is handled by the men who have charge of the Stores, which house many complete balloons and spare parts

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AN 1831 FIRE ENGINE STILL GOING STRONG: The village of Bishop's Cleeve in Gloucestershire has found that its old manual fire engine, made in the year 1831, is by no means too old to meet the peculiar requirements of to-day. Fire Brigade experts have examined it and passed it as quite satisfactory for quickly dealing with war emergencies. It was found that there was no wear in the pumps, despite that they have been in use for over one hundred years! The machine pumps from a pond and delivers a powerful stream of water. The engine has been stored for the last eleven years; previous to that, however, it had been used on many big fires

THE FAMOUS BRIDGE AT CROWLAND SCHEDULED FOR PRESERVATION: Most travellers by road in Lincolnshire know this historic bridge which still stands in the village, despite that the stream which it once spanned has long since disappeared! It is now to be preserved for all time. The bridge is triangular, and is believed to have been built by the monks of Crowland to gain access to the nearby Abbey—hence its shape, symbolic of the Trinity. Two streams met here once, but they are now underground. Pedestrians have three ways to use, and these meet at the apex

A FINE RELIC OF EARLIER DAYS AT BRADFORD-ON-AVON IN WILTSHIRE: Originally built so that travellers might pray for the soul of the bridge builder, this chapel has since served as the village lock-up, a toll house and an ammunition store. It is the smallest of the three bridge chapels left in this country. When it was used as a prison, the prisoners were described as "having gone under the fish and over the water": this was owing to the fish which the building carries as a weather vane

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

MEMORIES AND MERCHANDISE

Compton Mackenzie's Islands; Vicki Baum's Department Store; and Some Melodrama

MRS. COMPTON MACKENZIE'S first volume of autobiography ended with the year 1918. The second volume, **MORE THAN I SHOULD** (Collins, 12s. 6d.), takes up the story at the Casa Solitaria, Capri ("Too—too—oh, beloved Solitaria . . ."), where Mr. Mackenzie was recuperating from the war, fighting persistent ill-health, and writing *Sylvia Scarlett*.

Capri was then, as always, a fascinating and disturbing island inhabited by anything but ordinary people. Norman Douglas has immortalised it, and some of them, in *South Wind*. D. H. Lawrence had a go at it more than once, and Compton Mackenzie drew from it his *Extraordinary Women*. Douglas, Lawrence, Axel Munthe, Edwin Cerio, the Brett Youngs, Lady Sybil Scott, and Reggie Turner were some of the Capriòts in residence at the time. "They usually found what they wanted in the beauty of the island or in its superficial air of gaiety. For there was a desperate quality in that gaiety, and everyone was either a little bit or extremely mad."

It was D. H. Lawrence who said of Compton Mackenzie that he was a man who loved islands. For a thousand a year the leases of the Norman Islands of Herm and Jethou were obtainable and were promptly snapped up. Mr. Mackenzie had great plans for turning Herm into a self-contained community, but the "amazing island" resisted them and he migrated, once more, to Jethou.

About this time Mr. Mackenzie's restless energy found a fresh outlet in the founding of the *Gramophone*. It all came out of his equal passion for islands and for music. Cut off by turbulent seas, the gramophone was his only solace. Gramophones, in those days, left much to be desired: good recordings of good music more so. Thus the magazine was born, and nursed throughout its early stages by the devoted and unremitting attention of Mrs. Mackenzie and her brother, Mr. Christopher Stone.

Yet these Channel Islets were baffling and disturbing in their ancient ways, and one day the news came that the Shiants, Hebridean Enchanted Isles, were in the market. They were bought; "sight unseen." Mr. Mackenzie was already in the thick of the Scottish National movement, having sensationally won the Rectorship of Glasgow University. The Western Isles were obviously the next hop. Then came Barra. "The island had never been anything else but Catholic, for the Reformation had not reached it." Obviously, the place for the author of *The Altar Steps*, *The Parson's Progress*, etc.

Although these Mothersillian trekkings form the time structure, and although her husband is dominant in these pages, he does not dominate Mrs. Compton Mackenzie's book, for this is her book, affectionately, candidly, impulsively, charmingly written, and certain to be enjoyed by a large number of readers.

Miss Vicki Baum, as the whole world and Greta Garbo knows, once made a novel out of an hotel. It was a grand hotel, and a grand novel. This time she has written a story about a big shop; but since the scene is in New York, we had better call it a department store.

She does not show us the store with which its millions of customers are familiar, but the store which is familiar with the foibles of a million customers, and heartily disliking most of them. In other words, she takes us behind the scenes, and **CENTRAL STORES** (Geoffrey Bles. 7s. 6d. net), opens with a scene at closing time with the inevitable flustered woman clutching a handbag, charging into the china and glass department, not knowing what she wants, and preventing a hard-pressed assistant from catching her subway train and keeping a date with her boy friend.

Nina was what we call a shop assistant, and what the Americans call a sales clerk, in the china and glass. Her boy friend was a window-dresser, and worked at nights, so they only occasionally, and for a few brief moments, were able to meet. That did not prevent them getting married, nor did it prevent Eric falling for the blandishments of a mannequin, one Lilian Smith, daughter of a navvy, but possessed of a beautiful figure.

Lilian had *des idées au dessus de sa gare*. She craved the lovely clothes she had to show off to fat and expensive women, and her downfall began when she managed to put her foot on an emerald ring which one of them dropped.

Thence, because Lilian cast eyes on Eric, and Eric was not unwilling to be involved, the story develops into tragedy and melodrama, to the muted accompaniment of a sugar-daddy affair, and the inevitable arrival of a baby.

Miss Vicki Baum is a very human novelist, her characters breathe a life which not even the most persistent of melodramatic touches can stifle. Her *Central Stores*, with its atmosphere of hurry, scurry, service, house detectives and the whole sordid behind-the-scenes structure, is extremely vivid and real. But Miss Baum can do better than this.

Thwarted passion, murder and blackmail are the ingredients which Mr. Rhys Davies uses in his new novel, **UNDER THE ROSE** (Heinemann, 9s.), to produce an effect of horror and tension. The theme is a commonplace one, but the novel gains importance in its treatment.

Rachel Lloyd, forty years of age and a recluse, was visited by her ex-fiance, who had jilted her twenty years before. She murders him in a peculiarly horrible manner, and inters the corpse rather neatly. Following that she tries to lead a normal life again, but is blackmailed by the murdered man's mistress.

ONE-WOMAN SHOW: Outstanding among the younger generation of artists is Miss Jessica Stonor, the twenty-six years old daughter of the late Major the Hon. Edward Maurice and Mrs. Stonor, niece of Lord Camoys. A sculptor by training, she is now turning painter and hopes to hold her first exhibition in the autumn. It will be her third exhibition—the first two displayed sculptures and drawings

What raises this novel from an ordinary piece of sensationalism is the fine character-drawing, the atmosphere of conflict, the effective descriptive writing, and, on the whole, the spell-binding atmosphere which never flags. Rachel is a strong, deep, vindictive woman, yet the author presents the reasons for her actions so skilfully that the reader is led into an attitude of sympathy for her. Mr. Davies also contrives to arouse a certain sympathy for Stephen, in spite of his unpleasant weaknesses.

Helen Bradbury was nineteen and had never been kissed. That she was able to get away to Cornwall for a holiday, away from the hypochondriacal influences of her mother, sets off the beginning of the story of **THE WONDERFUL JOURNEY**, by Frank Tilsley (Collins. 8s.).

Helen was a most attractive young woman. Everybody found her so and of course it was inevitable that certain young men would shortly arrive to find her desirable as well. To all such maidens there comes a time when "young love wakes on white shoulder." In Helen's case there were two of them. Philip, the devoted, sensitive, anxious young man, who wanted so desperately to marry her, and Brian, the handsome and dashing young solicitor, who desired her for quite another purpose. Add to these two, John Gurney, the family doctor, who in middle-age had also succumbed to her charms, and the story is set.

It would not be fair to Mr. Tilsley to reveal which of them gets her in the end, but it is enough to say that two of them do not, for a very sufficient reason. Like the other novels under review, there is tragedy in this book, but it is tragedy well wrapped up, and the kind of pleasant atmosphere which this author is so adept at creating.

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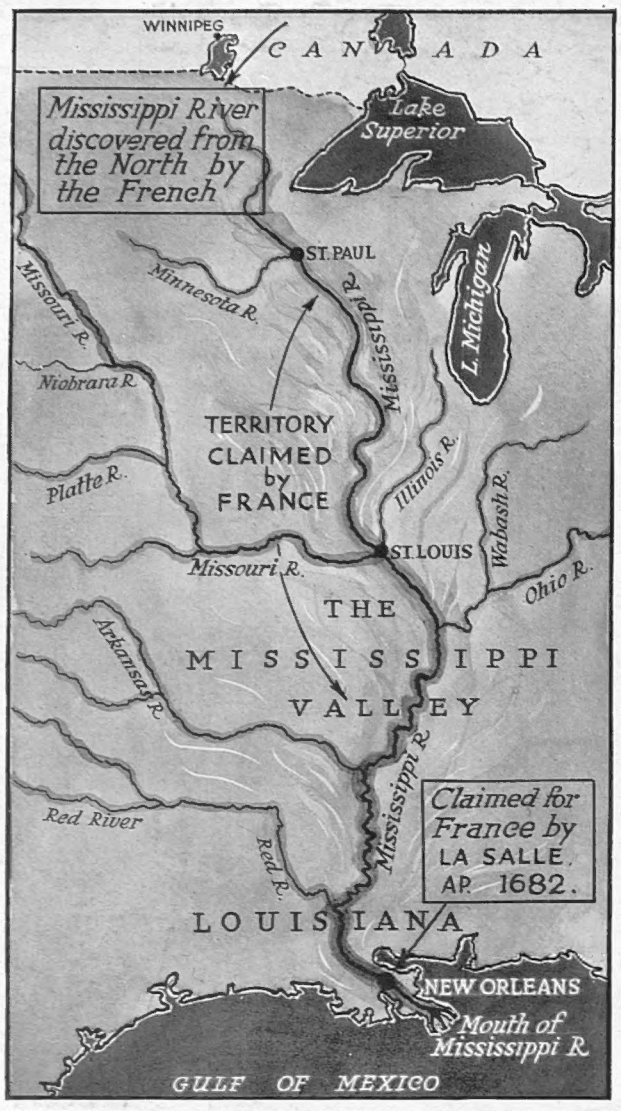

THE VAST TERRITORIES WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI TOGETHER WITH LOUISIANA which were originally discovered by France (working down from the North by way of Canada and the Lakes) and ultimately sold by Napoleon to the U.S.A., owing to the political situation, for the very small sum of 15,000,000 dollars

WHAT WAS THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE?

WHEN the United States Government recently acquired naval and air bases in the West Indian possessions of Great Britain, President Roosevelt described the event as the most important since the purchase of Louisiana from France in 1803. That reference was doubtless fully appreciated in the United States but to the general British public that vital moment in American history is not very familiar.

One of the most daring of France's explorers, La Salle, set out from Lake Erie determined to penetrate into the unknown South and find the mysterious river of which the Indians told such marvellous stories. It was hoped that the river would lead them to the East and that much-desired goal, India. La Salle did indeed find the wonderful Mississippi, but it turned South, and his journey down that "Father of Waters" was encompassed by much peril.

Eventually they reached the mouth of the mighty river, and there a pillar was set up bearing the name of the King of France, and the date April 9, 1682.

Having no ship, La Salle and his small band were forced to retrace their laborious journey to Canada. He failed to find the mouth of the Mississippi by way of the Gulf of Mexico.

Some twelve years later another expedition sailed from France and this time succeeded in finding the illusive entrance to the great river, where they set up a small colony. This was the colony so much boomed by the Scottish adventurer, John Law. His scheme failed but France still retained Louisiana as a Crown colony which grew gradually under normal conditions. Unfortunately for her American possessions, France entered into war with England and Prussia in what is known as the Seven Years War. Canada was captured by Wolfe; Louis XV also ceded to Spain the vast territory of Louisiana, thus relinquishing all the land discovered and settled by heroic Frenchmen for some centuries.

When Napoleon became First Consul he became fired with the idea of regaining the French colonial possessions in America. He succeeded in making a secret treaty with Charles IV of Spain, by which all claim to Louisiana was given up in return for a duchy in Italy.

When the news reached the States, the uproar was great. The exchange of the weak government of Spain for the all-conquering power of Revolutionary France was an event of overwhelming and terrifying import. The States were in no condition to fight, but they had money, and an offer was made to Napoleon to purchase Louisiana. Little as the States then loved England, if France refused to give up Louisiana, they would be forced to join in alliance with England, a threat Napoleon could not then afford to disregard. He wrote quite frankly to Talleyrand.

"I renounce Louisiana. It is not only New Orleans that I cede; it is the whole colony, without reserve; I know the price of what I abandon. I renounce it with the greatest regret; to attempt obstinately to retain it would be folly."

The Americans refused Napoleon's first price of 20,000,000 dollars, and actually succeeded, such was the pressing necessity for cash, in obtaining the whole territory of Louisiana, approaching 1,000,000 sq. miles, for the paltry sum of 15,000,000 dollars.

HOW "THE SPHERE'S" PICTURES REACH THE EDITORIAL OFFICE: The various press photographers and photographic agencies have shown great ingenuity in coping with the difficulties of maintaining a rapid supply of news photographs at all times of the day. Here is a Fleet Street messenger taking press photographs round to the editorial offices of "The Sphere"

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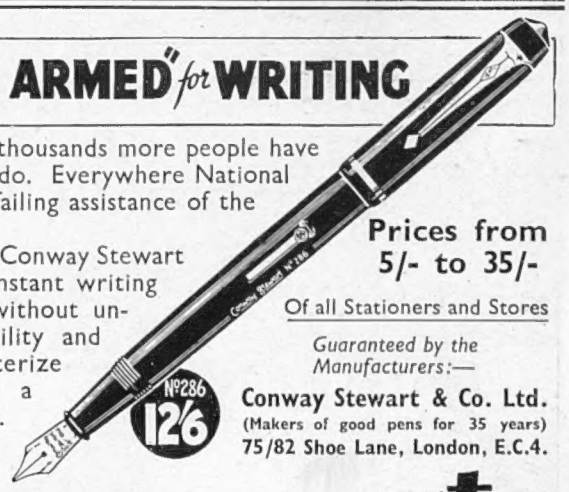

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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

MY post in these days consists mainly of requests from soldiers, sailors, or airmen about to get married, and wanting suggestions for their honeymoon, or who are getting a few days' leave and want to spend it in the country to the best advantage.

It is not so easy to advise them as it was. In pre-war days I would have said to honeymooners: "Go to the most remote spot in Devon or Cornwall, or explore the autumn beauties of Scotland." Nowadays such advice is not popular, for petrol is at a premium and to stray too far afield is not encouraged; members of the Services may be suddenly recalled. So, since the east coast and parts of the south coast are definitely taboo, one must turn one's thoughts westward.

As with parts of Sussex, where you can enjoy perfect peace though only a few miles inland, so with parts of Hampshire. The beauties of the New Forest are still unimpaired, and in these harassing days to walk along uncharted "rides" of beech and pine, turf springy to the feet, branches golden red overhead is a tonic worth many a medical prescription for "war nerves." However, since walking or any other form of exercise produces a very natural desire for food and drink and rest, to explore the New Forest or other parts of this Hampshire and Wiltshire neighbourhood to advantage one must stake one's claim at an hotel.

Individual tastes differ widely in this respect; some people like an hotel that closely resembles a country house, themselves part of a friendly house-party. Others prefer an hotel frankly proclaimed as such.

To take the first case first; the lover of "country house hotels" will find in Beech House, Bransgore, a country house in excelsis. Standing well back from a winding road, at the end of a beech-studded drive, this placid Georgian building smiles on you as though to say, "What do we know of war worries here; join us, and forget yours?" And well you may, for the comforts of Beech House are legion, the peace of Bransgore infinite. . . . I have seen it in high summer when rhododendrons made of the gardens a symphony in crimson and deep purple; no one who is free to visit it in its autumn splendour of flaming russet and gold should neglect the opportunity.

Those who find beauty in stone can go much farther than Romsey and fare worse. The beautiful Norman abbey is not only a sight worth seeing, but historically a building worth exploring. Don't insult it by paying it only a cursory glance; stay a day or so and make acquaintance with suitable leisure. And stay at the White Horse Hotel, a Trust House, and one of the oldest inns in the neighbourhood. Magnificent oak beams cross and re-cross its ceilings, and something else will catch your eye as you come in—the framed menu of ancient days, hand-written on vellum and setting out as lavish a choice of food, though differently selected, as the 1940 fare you will find offered you to-day.

War-time presents many of us with other problems, besides the ever-present one of where to go for a rest, and one of these is the problem of the shortening purse-string. Hotels, even simple ones, may be beyond the reach of some of us, but this delectable district can provide one or two guest houses. At Ibsley, for instance, halfway between Ringwood and Fordingbridge, Old Beams confronts you, a twelfth-century guest house, proud possessor of the only four-crutched beams in Hampshire. Its panelling is old, too, and many are the legends of bygone days with which Mr. Hilary Sharp can regale you, but the beds are new and so are all the appurtenances to the kitchen, so you can be certain of two of life's essentials—good food and sleep.

Half a mile beyond Fordingbridge itself you will find the Tudor Rose Guest House, another delightfully old and peaceful retreat, built from ship's timbers. Something else usually associated with sailors can be obtained here, excellent fishing, and to the fishing enthusiast this particular sport has no rival as a remover of mental burdens.

For many people in peace-time the wide expanses of Salisbury Plain have a peculiar fascination, but in these days the whole of it is given over to the military, and Salisbury itself likely to be so full of soldiery that it would be difficult to get accommodation there; but you can try the district round about. There is Coombe House, at Shaftesbury; originally a millionaire's holiday house, now an hotel offering a million reasons for your patronage, not the least among them being first-class cooking and all-round comfort.

Farther south there is Blandford, with its inimitable Crown Hotel which demonstrates to anyone in the least observant the "thinking mind behind the scenes." Here you will find wardrobes with interior lighting, bathrooms with attractively coloured, all-over rubber floors, food and drink that is first class at all times, and an afternoon tea which would bring the hotel out of the ruck on its own merits, for it really is tea in the best sense of that exclusively English phrase.

While extolling the charms of the New Forest, it would be a pity to forget that there are other parts of Hampshire almost equally attractive.

Just over the Surrey border, for instance, we find Liphook, and the Royal Anchor Hotel—an old coaching inn that can claim to have stood since 1416, a large garden at the back of it spread out for your delight, and menus that make your mouth water, even in war-time. The old-world air is ever present, but there is running hot and cold water in every bedroom, however small.

Liphook can boast another hotel, not quite so old, but attractively adjacent to the golf course, as its name suggests; in fact, the Club House is actually part of the hotel, so the nineteenth is as handy as the first hole!

There is another "treasure" in this district, which it would be a pity to miss, and that is the East Hill Hotel, Liss. This is indeed a good place for "leave," when you want to relax, have everything done for you instead of seeing to it yourself, and feel that someone else is providing the comforts, and that your part is merely to enjoy them. Mine host of East Hill does this with skill and ease. He provides you with a tranquil haven which you will be loth to leave and anxious to revisit.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters, accompanied by a 2½d. stamp for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, 32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.

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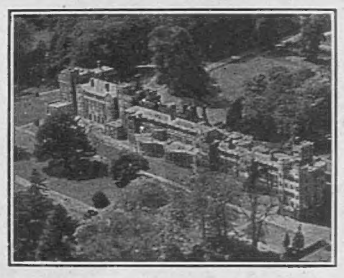

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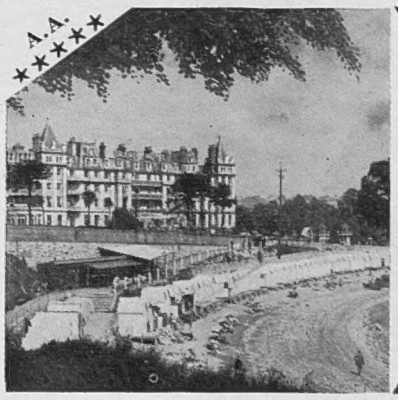

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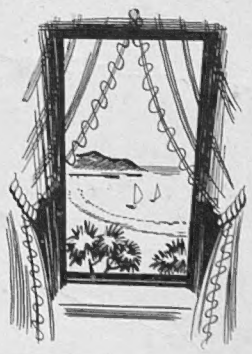

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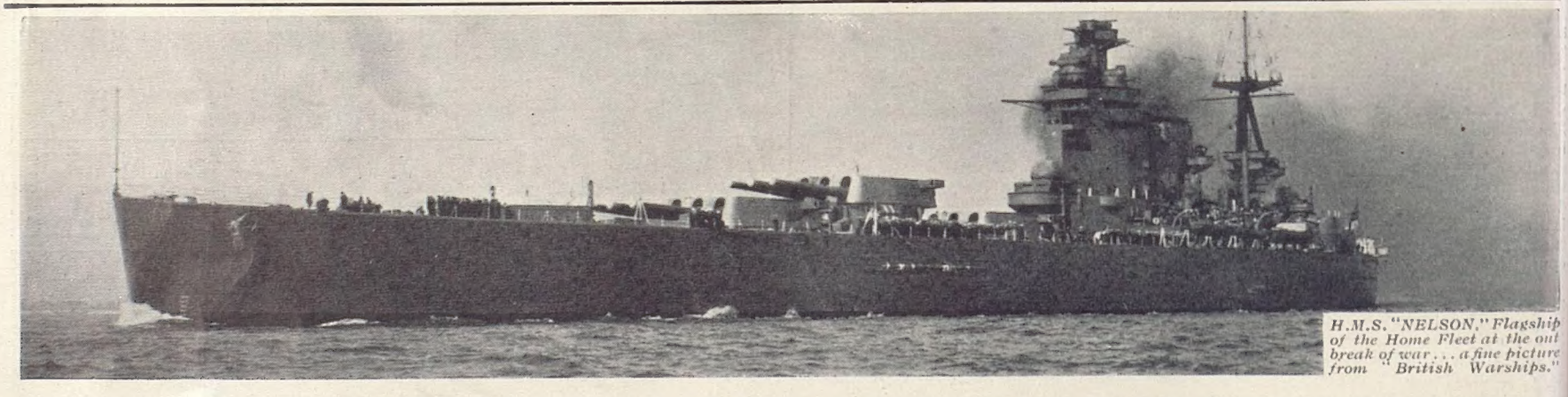

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